THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI., NO. 4911 | PORTSMOUTH, N. H. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1900. | PRICE 2 CENTS

The Productions of the STEIN-BLOCH CO. of Rochester, N.Y.

Are Included in

OUR FALL STOCK

—OF—

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

As examples of High Class Tailoring, in Style, Fit and Finish, the garments made by the Stein-Bloch Co. are not equalled by any other maker in the country. They have a distinctive style that appeals to those who value all the little niceties of dress.

May we Show you one of our Stein-Bloch Overcoats?

Henry Peyser & Son.

WRAPPING PAPER

-TWINE-

—AND—

PAPER BAGS.

A. P. WENDELL & CO.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

TAKE NOTICE.

Now is the time to buy HARNESSES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

JOHN S. TILTON'S

Congress Street.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. MIDY

Sold by all Druggists.

MANAGER, capable man manage branch, old established house; $125 month; extra commissions. Must be well recommended and furnish $900 cash. MANAGER, Drawer 74, New Haven, Conn. to nov17

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,

BOTTLERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer Tonic, Vanil Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all order promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton

18 Bow Street, Portsmouth

SHE LIMPED IN.

The St. Paul Has A Hard Experience.

Collision With A Derelict Wrecks Starboard Engines.

So She Makes Port Under Difficulties, At Reduced Speed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The American line steamer St. Paul came limping in this morning under her port engines, after the most serious experience in her career. On October 31st, at eight o'clock in the evening, while in latitude 46.13 and longitude 48.03, the St. Paul struck a submerged wreck, carrying away her starboard propeller and causing her engines to race so fiercely that the shaft broke, cutting off the connections. The engines were so badly damaged that it will take six months to repair them. The ship is leaking considerably now. When the accident occurred the cabin passengers were quite excited, but were soon reassured by the statement that the ship was in no serious peril. The engineers disconnected the starboard engines and the St. Paul made the rest of the trip under the port engines, at reduced speed.

TRIBAL REBELLION QUELLED.

VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 4.—South Sea advices, received from Sydney, say that the warship Moewe was called to one of the islands of the Admiralty group to quell a tribal rebellion, in which one section of the natives had arisen and slaughtered 150 others. A landing party of 120 Germans put off to land and opened fire upon the rebellious islanders, whose resistance was stubborn. Owing to the bad aim of the natives, the landing party suffered only three casualties, while six natives were shot down. Afterward, the landing party returned to the Moewe, which steamed along the shore and shelled the rebels, inflicting upon them severe injury.

LATE LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, Nov. 5, 2:00 A. M.—According to Cape Town advices, Lord Roberts has taken his ill daughter to Johannesburg and Lord Kitchener is in command at Pretoria. It is reported that Kitchener will stop the pursuit of commandos and try to settle the colony by garrisoning the towns. Earl Rosslyn has referred his dispute with Winston Churchill to the Prince of Wales, who is colonel-in chief of the regiment involved. Mr. Churchill denies that he imputed any dishonorable action to the regiment, and offers to apologize if he can be proven guilty of this charge.

NO OCCASION FOR ALARM.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 4.—Cardinal Gibbons, at high mass today, took occasion to say a few words regarding the coming election. The cardinal never takes an active part in politics, seldom, if ever, voting; but to those who share his confidence, he does not hesitate to express himself freely on the issues involved. Cardinal Gibbons believes there is no occasion for alarm over the result of the election and nothing to warrant the feeling that the election of either candidate will affect seriously the welfare and prosperity of the republic.

EXPRESS THEIR LOYALTY.

MANILA, Nov. 4.—Last week was devoted to active scouting. The rebels, having failed to catch a single garrison, are now suffering a reaction. Today, Signor Buencamino (leader of the former insurgents in Manila) requested Judge Taft to send to Washington an expression of their loyalty to the United States. There is much excitement here over the probable result of the coming presidential election in the States, and a lot of betting.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—Forecast for New England: Fair Monday and Tuesday, fresh north winds.

GETS LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

ALFRED, ME., Nov. 3.—George R. Champion was tonight found guilty of murder in the first degree, and was sentenced to state prison for life, the extreme penalty in this state. Champion was charged with murdering George Goodwin, sixty; his mother, Mrs. Elsie N. Horne, seventy six; his adopted son, Scott Goodwin, twenty, and a farmhand, Fred Bertsch, at the Goodwin farm house, West Newfield, Me., June 10th, and burning the house, with the bodies, to hide his crime, which was committed for purposes of robbery. Champion stood up and calmly heard the decree pronounced by which he is to spend the rest of his natural life behind the prison walls. The sentence was that Champion be confined at hard labor for life at the state prison at Thomaston. This was the extreme punishment for the crime as provided by the statutes, capital punishment in Maine having been abolished some fifteen years ago. Champion was removed to the jail here immediately after sentence, and will be taken to Thomaston prison Monday. The verdict of the jury seemed to meet the approval of the community here.

SANK THE MOSQUITA.

QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 4.—The Cunard line steamer Saxonia, Capt. Pritchard, from New York October 27th, arrived here today, having on board fifteen of the crew of the schooner Mary P. Mosquita, which the Saxonia sank off Gloucester, Mass., on the day of her departure from Boston. One of the schooner's sailors was drowned. No harm was done the Saxonia in the collision.

ENGINE KILLED THEM.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., Nov. 4.—Sanford W. Weatherhead and his wife, both between sixty and sixty-five years of age, were almost instantly killed early this morning, being struck by an engine on the New London Northern railroad at Weare's crossing, in this town. They were returning from a visit to friends in another section of Northfield.

MEXICAN TANNERY BURNED.

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 4.—A large tannery at Rancho del Chopo, near this city, was burned today, and the loss is estimated at a half million dollars. The tannery was owned by a stock company, in which Americans, Mexicans and Germans were shareholders.

SOME HAD LIMBS BROKEN.

MONTREAL, Nov. 4.—Twenty persons were injured, some suffering broken limbs, in a trolley accident here today. While ascending a steep hill, the trolley slipped off, the motorman lost control and the car dashed down into another.

ANOTHER BODY FOUND.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Another body was found in the ruins of the Tarrant building today, that of a man, with the right leg and left arm missing. The features were unrecognizable.

CLAIMS 294 FOR McKINLEY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The republican national committee today issued its final official statement of the election outlook, claiming 294 electoral votes for McKinley.

FOOT BALL SATURDAY.

Harvard 17, U. of P. 5.
West Point 0, Yale 18.
Princeton 0, Cornell 12.
Wesleyan 16, Dartmouth 5.
Williams 11, Holy Cross 0.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Alfred Gooding preached at Newington on Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Lucius H. Thayer assumed the pastorate of the North church ten years ago yesterday.

Several were received into the membership during the morning service at the Methodist church on Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery Brackett sang at the morning and evening services at the North church on Sunday.

Rev. George W. Gile of the Middle street church commenced on Sunday evening a series of nine lectures on practical questions in relation to the place and the work of the church in modern society. The topic of this initial discourse was "The Church and Politics." The church quartet rendered special music.

Read the *Herald* for the latest News.

HEARD AT RANDOM.

Here's Still Another.

They are springing all sorts of political jokes now. This is about the most reckless of those that have been produced so far:

"I see that Bryan has been on a speechmaking tour of the South in a horseless carriage."

"Yes; do you think he will carry Alabama?"

"Well, he outer Mobile, all right."

Great Crowd Of Belles.

Said a young man who attended the football game in Cambridge, Saturday: "I never saw such an immense crowd of beautiful women anywhere in my life as poured into Soldier's field for an hour previous to the lining up of the teams. It was a sight worth going there to enjoy. There were scores and hundreds of scores of women exhibiting every style of beauty. The contingent from Philadelphia was a stunner for fine looks and nobby attire. Fifth avenue sent a big bevy of attractive ones, and I was told that even Baltimore (which boasts of producing the handsomest women in the land) was well represented in the great throng. It made a fellow feel proud of his American sisters, as he watched that almost endless stream of charming girls pass in through the gate."

Heard Scheda Play.

"I went into Music hall, Boston, one day last week, and heard Scheda play," said a Portsmouth musician. "He appeared for his turn at half past two and half past nine o'clock, each day. The former Portsmouth violinist made a decided hit on this occasion and I was informed by attaches of the house that he had given the best of satisfaction during his engagement. I talked with Scheda a little later. He said that he would probably go to New York and Philadelphia from Boston. He told me what he was paid by his Music hall contract and the figures would surprise you. He is well worth it, though, in my opinion."

He Counted The Cars.

Another of the Portsmouth party that went to the game observed: "I got an excellent idea, while I was in Boston on Saturday, of the enormous business done by the West End road on such occasions. After the game I rode back into town on a car that took me over the Charles River bridge and around by Park square, through Eliot street, to Washington. During the ride, which lasted forty minutes or more, a man sitting beside me—a quiet thoughtful appearing chap—took pains to count all the cars that we met. As we rounded into Washington street, he sprung it on me. We had met 153 cars. And in most of them people were clinging to the straps."

He Expects It Soon.

"The abolition of all these grade crossings will tend to revolutionize speed conditions on this division, between Portsmouth and Boston," remarked a man to his companion, as they were riding toward Boston on a morning train, Saturday. "When the work is all completed, I expect that it will not be long then before trains will be making the run inside of an hour. I don't know why they shouldn't, do you? Indeed, a Boston and Maine railroad man whose judgment is certainly better than mine, told me recently that he should be surprised if the schedule time was not cut down largely soon."

He Knows Paterson.

A member of the Portsmouth city government is taking considerable interest in the Paterson murder case. He said, on Sunday: "You see, I have been in Paterson a lot of times. I know well the location of a number of places concerned in the case. It is a tough town, all right, but no worse than Newark, Jersey City and other cities around New York. All of them are very loose morally. They imbibe New York's atmosphere. This case, though, (about as nauseating in its details as any I ever heard of,) has rather stirred Paterson to a sense of shame, and it may transform things there."

The Shore Boulevard.

A Portsmouth man who is actively interested in the furtherance of the construction of the boulevard along this coast said, on Saturday: "I hope Portsmouth will send to the legislature men who will be of some real service to the project. This shore boulevard means more to the city than most people here realize. Why, I believe that if Portsmouth had to expend one hundred thousand dollars on it, the city would get it back and much more, too. We want representatives at Concord who can help us practically. Voters ought to keep this matter in mind tomorrow."

REPUBLICANS ATTENTION.

It is the duty of every republican to vote the straight ticket. It is dangerous to "cut" a ticket. It is liable to be wrong and possibly your vote would be lost.

Some of the most capable vaudeville artists from Keith's and Boston Music hall will be seen at Music hall on Tuesday evening.

NAVAL MATTERS.

Items of General Interest, Personal Mention and Various Notes.

Rear Admiral Sampson is in better health than before his recent illness.

The court of inquiry to fix the responsibility for the collision of the Dahlgren and Craven will assemble at Newport, tomorrow, Tuesday.

The navy department has decided to locate the new million dollar dry dock at the Brooklyn navy yard, between docks 1 and 2, as recommended by a majority of the board appointed to select a site.

Ten thousand men should comprise the marine corps in order that it may meet all demands made upon it, is the opinion of Brig. Gen. Charles Haywood, its commander. Gen. Haywood's annual report shows that every officer connected with the command and many enlisted men performed gallant service in China.

QUITE AN INCREASE.

Since the Boston and Maine got control of the Fitchburg railroad the company's authorities at this station have had their hands full to take care of the extra freight which goes through Portsmouth on its way down east and the freight that comes over the Fitchburg to Nashua or Concord and is then transferred at Rockingham Junction to the Portsmouth and Concord branch. It is estimated that fully one hundred more freight cars pass through this city each night than formerly.

GIVE THEM A FULL VOTE.

The republican county ticket from top to bottom is composed of good, clean, upright men and are entitled to the support of every member of the party. Let Portsmouth republicans give M. M. Collis, John W. Kelley and Ceylon Spinney of this city a vote that they may feel proud of. They are the Portsmouth men on the ticket.

COMING TO THIS YARD.

Admiral Hichborn, U. S. N., chief of the bureau of construction, will attend the launching of the torpedo boat destroyer Lawrence at Weymouth, Mass., next Wednesday, in company with Mrs. Hichborn, and will afterward inspect the construction work at the Portsmouth yard.

SPORTING NOTES.

The Unity team will have some practice this week.

The Dover High team beat Berwick academy, 26 to 0, Friday.

Several Portsmouth boys won money at Cambridge on Saturday.

Everyone in the city wants to see Dover play here Thanksgiving Day.

Portsmouth cranks are quite pleased with the work of Morse of the Unity Club team.

The Maplewood team was accompanied to Dover, Saturday, by quite a crowd of rooters.

Exeter did not play Worcester Tech, Saturday. The team will have nothing but secret practice until the Andover game, Nov. 10.

The crowds will be kept off the field at the coming games at the park. Both sides will be roped off and two policemen will be kept on duty during the game.

Somehow the football teams that have lined up against Dartmouth this season have not been in as good condition immediately thereafter as they were before the game.

FOOT BALL.

The West Ends went to Rye on Saturday morning and defeated the town team there by the ridiculously large score of 77 to 0, forty-two points being made in the first half. The game was played on the South school grounds and was altogether too one-sided to be of interest. Once the Rye fullback reached Portsmouth's five-yard line, where he was downed. This is the nearest the Ryes came to scoring.

The young Bowerys defeated the South Ends at the bicycle park on Saturday forenoon, 5 to 0. The spectators present, of whom there were quite a number, saw a lively game.

The eleven of the Maplewood Athletic club visited Dover on Saturday and played the team of the Athletic club of that city. Although defeated, the Maplewoods put up a strong game. Page scored their only touchdown. The contest was free from slugging or any other unpleasantness, both teams putting up clean and honest football. The score was 10 to 5.

Political forecasters are working over time.

"Do Not Grasp at the Shadow and Lose the Substance."

Many people are but shadows of their former selves; due to neglect of health. Look out for the blood, the fountain of life, the actual substance; keep that pure by regular use of Hood's Sarsaparilla and robust health will be the result.

Dyspepsia, weakness, and other worries will be things of the past and life will be worth living.

Hacking Cough—*"I was troubled with dry, hacking cough. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me and three bottles cured me and made me strong." George W. Benham, Coolspring, Del.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, - - MANAGER.

Election Night, Tuesday, Nov. 6

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

GORMAN SPECIALTY CO.

14 PEOPLE

The Best Talent That Money Can Procure.

ELECTION RETURNS Will Be Received BY SPECIAL WIRE. **DIRECT TO THE STAGE**

As an extra attraction the Cream of Local Talent will be included in the Grand Bill.

Popular Prices Will Prevail.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

A LARGE LOT OF

WHITE AND BLACK LACES

THIS WEEK.

Half Price on the Entire Lot.

Lewis E. Staples,

7 Market Street.

Yes It's Stronger

Eagle

QUAD-STAY.

Sprocketsalways in line.

Road Racer $50·

Track Racer, $60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the wind. Come and trade in your old wheel.

PHILBRICK'S BICYCLE STORE,

21 Fleet Street Portsmouth.

SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

ow, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to $5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner

10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

RENTS COLLECTED

HOUSES RENTED,

AND PROPERTY CARED FOR.

I am making a specialty of the above d solicit your patronage.

J G. TOBEY, Jr.,

Real Estate and Insurance,

32 Congress Street.

S. G.

BEST 10c. CIGAR

In The Market.

S. GRYZMISH, MFG.

Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

There was no police court on Friday.

O. K. Liniment. Globe Grocery Co.

Things look quiet for election day in this city.

The Langdon house promises to become quite popular.

There were two lodgers at the police station on Friday night.

September lingers in the lap of November; let her linger.

There were two lodgers at the police station on Friday evening.

Clams from Sorrento, 17 cents a quart, at Globe Grocery Co.

There is a new crosswalk on Middle street, at the head of Cabot.

A vote for the straight republican ticket is a vote to continue prosperity.

Election returns. Vaudeville from Boston. Music hall. Tuesday night.

A unusually heavy vote on both sides is looked for in this city on election day.

The farmers have a full cider pail anyway, regardless of "the full dinner pail."

If you want to vote for panic and alarm, put a mark opposite Bryan's name.

First-class vaudeville with the election returns at Music hall Tuesday night.

Next Tuesday will mean anything but a holiday to the newspaper men of the land.

The reported sale of the E. W Cochrane livery stable to Stoddard is without foundation.

The November term of probate court will take place at Portsmouth next Tuesday and in Exeter on Wednesday.

The parochial school has been closed since Wednesday, on account of the two holidays, All Saints' and All Souls'.

Special sale on Saturday only of 2800 pounds of Lamb at eight cents a pound at Globe Grocery Co. Fresh Pork 10 cents.

You have read of the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you should have perfect confidence in its merit. It will do you good.

Every republican in Portsmouth should go to the polls next Tuesday, to swell the majority for McKinley and Roosevelt.

The Federal Fire society held its semi annual banquet in the colonial dining hall of the Rockingham on Friday evening.

Quite a crowd of people rode to Hampton Beach on the electrics, Friday, taking advantage of the beautiful, balmy weather.

The sale of the Jackson residence on Islington street to Elisha T. Cotton was consummated on Friday, through Sise's real estate agency.

Don't stand on the street Tuesday night waiting for the result. Go to Music hall. Popular prices for the vaudeville entertainment.

No matter how long you may have had a cough; if it hasn't already developed into consumption, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it.

Energy all gone? Headache? Stomach out of order? Simple a case of torpid liver. Burdock Blood Bitters will make a new man or woman of you.

It is dangerous business cutting tickets. The safest thing to do is to vote the straight republican ticket and every republican should remember it.

Hundreds of lives saved every year by using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the house just when it is needed. Cures croup, heals burns, cuts, wounds, of every sort.

Mrs. James R Connell's Sunday school class of the North Church gave an enjoyable entertainment and tea to the inmates of the Home for Aged Women on Friday afternoon.

Hives are a terrible torment to the little folk, and to some older ones. Easily cured. Doan's Ointment never fails. Instant relief, permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

A Few Words about

Pain-Killer

A prominent Montreal clergyman, the Rev. Canon H. Bland, Rector St. Judes and Hon. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, writes, "Permit me to send you my testimonial to strongly recommend PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER. I have used it with satisfaction for thirty-five years. It is a preparation which deserves full public confidence."

Pain-Killer A sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Cramps, &c.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c.

There is only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.

A Sick Child

can be made healthy, happy and rosy by giving it TRUE'S Elixir. Worms cause ill health in thousands of children and their presence is not suspected.

TRUE'S Elixir expels worms and cures all the complaints common in children. Pure, harmless vegetable.

The standard household remedy for 48 years for feverishness, costiveness, indigestion, sour stomach, etc.

TRUE'S Elixir Cures

Restores health to adults, acts immediately on the liver, cures disease of the mucous lining of the bowels and stomach, gives tone and vigor to the whole system. Ask your druggist for it. Write for book "Children and Their Diseases."

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Maine.

The latest election returns at Music hall Tuesday night.

Quite a crowd will go to Boston this morning to witness the foot ball game

Several young men of this city attended a dance in Newington on Friday night.

For the latest election returns and a good entertainment, go to Music hall Tuesday night.

Ladd street has been closed to teams for a number of days, due to the laying of sewer pipes.

At several places in town the mercury registered seventy degrees above zero at noon on Friday.

Joe Manley and George Fred Williams have both given the American people their final advice.

Sale of Norfolk Oysters, 25 cents a quart, received fresh by every boat from Norfolk, at Globe Grocery Co.

There was a report this morning that a man dropped dead on the parade, but there was apparently no foundation for the rumor.

There will be a meeting of the bowling committee on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at the alleys. All bowlers are invited to attend.

Again the chrysanthemum, the golden flower of autumn, is with us, to illuminate with its oriental splendor the dullness of November.

Music hall will be the most comfortable place to receive the election returns next Tuesday evening. Special wire to the hall and an operator on the stage and first class vaudeville from Boston for the occasion.

The Guidon, for November, is out and as usual, is a most interesting and valuable magazine. Although intended for Catholic readers, it has many Protestant admirers from the fact that it is particularly helpful to all, appealing to all as it does by its standard of literary merit.

The services at the Advent church tomorrow will be as follows: Social service at 10.30 a. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Preaching at 2.45 p. m Subject: Christ Our Mediator. Evening service at 7.15 o'clock. Subject: Religion in the Home. All are invited to these services.

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern which is not afraid to be generous. The proprietors of Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles and have the satisfaction of knowing it has cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe and all Throat, Chest and Lung diseases are surely cured by it. Call on Globe Grocery Co., and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c. and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

PEARL STREET CHURCH.

The services on Sunday will be of a revival character all day. Meeting for prayer at 9.45 A M. At 10.30, divine worship. Rev. E. P. Moulton will preach. At 7·30, there will be an evangelistic service in the audience room, commencing with a praise service followed with a sermon by Mr. Moulton.

Advertise your business through the columns of the HERALD. It pays!

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, Nov. 3.—Hattie Lewis, Boston for Eliot; steamer Frostburg, Baltimore for Gloucester; barge Number Five, Baltimore; Loella, Boston for Bangor, light; Satellite, Boston for York.

Sailed, Nov. 3.—Tug Piscataqua, Boston, towing barge P. N. Co. No. 9.

ENTERTAINED AT SACO.

A large number of the members of Moses H. Goodrich S. F. E company, No. 4, went to Saco, Me., on the 5.20 o'clock train, Friday afternoon, to be the guests of the Gov. Fairfield company of that place, at a dance and supper. The affair was arranged in special honor of the Portsmouth boys.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle.

ELECTRIC ROAD DEAL.

Plan For Through Line From Portland To Boston.

Negotiations for the purchase of the Union street electric railway of Dover by the owners of the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury street railway have been in progress several months, and the deal has been so nearly consummated that the new management will take possession Nov. 8th. The deal includes the project of extending the present road to Rochester and East Rochester, via Granite State park, and it is to be completed by June 1st.

It is also understood that the new managers contemplate extending their road from Exeter through Newmarket and Durham to Dover. This will make it possible for a passenger to go from Rochester to Boston by electric cars.

As it is understood that the Sanford, Me., road will be connected with the terminus of the road at Rochester, it will be possible for travelers to go by electrics to Kennebunk.

A scheme is also on foot to extend the Kennebunk road to Biddeford early in the summer, and thence from Old Orchard beach to Portland; so that one may then take electric cars at Portland and go through to Boston by electricity.

POLICE COURT.

One Drunk, a Female; A Young Man Held on Complaint of a Girl.

There were two cases before Judge Emery at his office this morning The first was that of Charles Costello, who was arrested on Friday evening by Assistant Marshal West and Officer Kelley, on complaint of a young lady, who alleges that Costello has deceived her. Judge Emery held the respondent in the sum of $300 for his appearance at the next term of the supreme court. The bonds were furnished.

Julia Rex, a tough looking female who has a long record in police circles, was taken out of a house on Bow street on Friday evening, on complaint of her brother. Drunkenness was alleged and the man who made the complaint said that Julia was disturbing the inmates of the house. The arrest was made by Officers Burns and Holbrook. Julia pleaded not guilty and the case was continued until noon, in order that the witnesses might be present.

When Julia again appeared before the judge she was found guilty and sent to the county farm for a term of thirty days and ordered to pay costs of prosecution taxed at $6.90.

OBITUARY.

William F. Ham.

After a protracted illness Mr. William F. Ham, an esteemed member of one of the oldest Portsmouth families, died at his home on Maplewood avenue, on Friday morning, at the age of seventy eight years, six months and four days. He was the oldest of fourteen children of the late Samuel Ham, and had passed most of his years in this his native city. In the early years of the Eastern railroad he was the efficient and painstaking foreman in charge of section hands for the Portsmouth and Hampton district, and later held the position of street commissioner of this city for a series of years, his practical experience in railroading rendering his services to the public valuable and effective.

Retiring from that position, he devoted his declining years to his farm in which he took commendable pride and unbroken content. He was a patient and leading member of the Pearl street Free Baptist church, his sagacious counsels and unassuming disposition gaining the confidence of the society, which was never weakened during his sturdy life of usefulness. By his departure, our citizens lose a steady-going, forceful and conscientious coworker on whose reputation rests no stain of wrong-doing, no taint of dishonorable action. His church associates part with an adviser whose example is worthy of emulation; and his relatives and intimate friends will hold in memory, while memory lasts, his life of unobtrusive endeavor and of a character so prominent in the encouragement of well doing that his reputation bears no shadow to mar its clear record.

His remaining brothers are Tobias, of Meredith; Dr. S. F. Ham, the well known dentist, and Benjamin Odiorne Ham, Joseph O., and Robert M. Ham, of Portsmouth. He leaves also a sister, Mrs. Annie M. Gray; a widow; two sons, William O. and Ralph F; and a daughter, Miss Florence A Ham, principal of the training school.

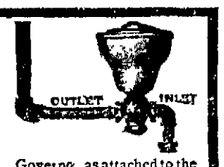
Mrs John Edwards.

Mrs. John Edwards of East Kingston died very suddenly at the Hotel Whittier, Hampton, Friday. Mr. and Mrs Edwards arrived at the hotel the night before and Mrs. Edwards was then in good health, apparently. Death was due to apoplexy. The funeral was held in Hampton, the interment also taking place there.

MONEY

GAS BILLS REDUCED 25 to 50 Per Cent.

Guaranteed Saving By attaching to any Gas Meter



THE SLEEMAN AUTOMATIC

Governor, as attached to the Riser or Consumer's Side of Gas Meter.

GAS SAVING GOVERNOR

INSURING GREATER BRILLIANCY, STEADIER FLAME, SECURITY AGAINST FIRE. INSURANCE RISKS GREATLY REDUCED. NO BLOWING NOR SMOKING BURNERS. NO BROKEN GLOBES.

Marvelous Sanitary Effects.

No Poisonous Vapors from Unconsumed Gases. No vitiated Atmosphere. No smoked-up Walls, Paintings nor Drapery.

Practical Economy.

You pay their cost to Gas Company every three months, four times a year.

Reliable and Durable,

And so constructed that it can not get out of order or wear out No Acids or Mercury used to poison the Atmosphere.

Better than Government Bonds, Savings Banks Accounts, or Real Estate Investments,

Is the Guaranteed Saving of from 25 TO 50 PER CENT monthly on all Gas Bills.

WE COURT THE SEVEREST INVESTIGATION. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Prices from $15.00 TO $400, according to size of meter and number of lights.

Indorsed by U. S. Government and Leading Corporations throughout the Country.

THE GAS TIP REGULATOR Designed to take the place of the above for residences and small consumers. Goes in the burner. Can be adjusted by a child. Simple and durable. Absolutely controls the pressure and will save you from 30 to 60 per cent on your monthly bills. Will do all the work claimed for the large machine. Price, 25 cents each. $2.50 per dozen. Sent postpaid on receipt of Postal, Money Order, Currency or Stamps. Liberal terms and exclusive territory to agents.

INTERNATIONAL GAS SAVING MAN'F'G CO.

126 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR YOU

FOR ELECTION RETURNS.

Special Arrangements for a Wire at Music Hall.—Vaudeville Also.

The result of the national election will be awaited with unusual interest in this city on Tuesday night. Manager Hartford of Music Hall, appreciating the wants of the public on this occasion, has arranged for a strong vaudeville company from Boston to appear at the hall on Tuesday evening and has secured all the good local talent by way of entertainment.

There will be a special wire to the stage and an operator will receive the latest news direct from the best sources.

It is safe to say there will not be a dull moment from the time the doors open until the result of the election is known This will be the most satisfactory way for everybody to get the returns.

It would be well for people to be on hand early to secure a seat Popular prices will prevail for the evening.

For a Cold in the Head

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets.

WATER NOTICE.

The water will be turned off at midnight Saturday in order to place a gate in the main near the standpipe. Will be turned on again some time in the forenoon Sunday.

F. J. PHILBRICK,
Supt. Water Works.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. H. Wallace Lear of High street is visiting in Boston.

Howard L. Frisbee of Miller avenue is visiting in Boston.

Mrs. Frank Pike of Hawthorn street is visiting in Boston.

County Treasurer Follansby of Exeter was in this city on Friday.

Conductor George Penniman of the Portsmouth electric road is ill at his home in Amesbury.

Mrs. Charles A. Wendell of Hill street has returned from a visit with relatives in Salem, Mass.

Samuel Stringer and family will pass the winter in Southern Pines, N. C, leaving for there next week.

George B Chadwick has returned from a gunning trip to Maine, with a large deer as proof of his skill

Mrs. John W. Clark of Union street has returned from Ashburnham, Mass, where she passed the summer.

Miss Elizabeth Briard of Kittery leaves today for an extended trip to New London, Conn., and New York.

Miss E. Gertrude Hannaford has commenced a course of piano-forte lessons at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.

Miss Martha Kimball entertained at dinner on Thursday, in honor of the approaching wedding of her brother, Edward T. Kimball, to Miss Maud Lovering Berry.

SOME FINE SOUVENIRS.

The Chronicle has issued 10,0 0 souvenir half tone pictures of the Kearsarge Alabama arch, for free distribution to subscribers of the Chronicle, *Herald*, and G[illegible] and which may be obtained now [illegible] The pictures are printe[illegible] heavy glazed paper and are [illegible] souvenir of the occasion a[illegible] preserving.

ENGAGED BY BOSTON CHURCH.

Miss Harriet Whittier, who has been the soprano at the North church for more than two years, closed her engagement there on Sunday, Oct. 28th. Miss Whittier has been engaged as soloist by the Christian Science church of Boston. She is to sing one solo in the morning and repeat it at the second service. Her salary is one thousand dollars a year. Miss Whittier will be greatly missed, not only by the regular worshipers at the North church, but by many who heard her with pleasure on special occasions.

CUT HIS HAND.

Daniel Collins, a cutter of linings at the Portsmouth shoe factory, cut his hand so badly while at work on Friday morning that he had to leave the shop and go to the office of Dr. Towle, where it was found necessary to take quite a number of stitches to close the wound.

A BAD FALL.

Oliver H. Locke, while working on the dry dock at the navy yard, stepped accidentally into a deep hole, Friday, and suffered quite a bad fall. He was badly shaken up and not a little bruised by the mishap, but sustained no serious injury.

Do You Love Your Child

Then give the child a chance. You can no more rear a child without proper food than you can build a house without proper lumber, and you know it. Drop us a postal, and we'll send you free a book of sense, founded upon the truth of fact—food-fact, natural-fact, child-rearing-fact, nourishing-fact, fact-that-vitalizes.

The Shredded Wheat Co., Worcester, Mass.

THE FLAG GOES UP

In many strange and remote places nowadays. It goes up to stay and it means civilization, prosperity and happiness wherever it floats.

We have RAISED THE FLAG OF LOW PRICES in this city. It has gone up to stay. It means satisfaction and economy. It stands for the best Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Better Goods and Lower Prices that ever before.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

NOW

Is the time to inspect the samples of

SPRING CLOTHING.

I have just received a new lot of samples and I am prepared to make suits from $15.00 up and pants from $4.00 up.

CLEANSING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed

O'LEARY, THE TAILOR,

5 Bridge Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little

Manufacturer of All Kinds o Cushions And Coverings.

R. H HALL

Hanover Street Near Market.

PILES Williams Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It absorbs tumors. Stops itching. GIVES RELIEF 50c. and $1. At Druggists.

For sale by George Hill, Druggist.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI., NO. 4911 | PORTSMOUTH, N. H. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1900, | PRICE 2 CENTS

The Productions of the STEIN-BLOCH CO. of Rochester, N.Y.

Are Included in

OUR FALL STOCK

—OF—

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

As examples of High Class Tailoring, in Style, Fit and Finish, the garments made by the Stein-Bloch Co. are not equalled by any other maker in the country. They have a distinctive style that appeals to those who value all the little niceties of dress.

May we Show you one of our Stein-Bloch Overcoats?

Henry Peyser & Son.

WRAPPING PAPER

-TWINE-

—AND—

PAPER BAGS.

A. P. WENDELL & CO.

2 MARKET SQUARE.

TAKE NOTICE.

Now is the time to buy HARNESSES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

JOHN S. TILTON'S

Congress Street.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. MIDY

Sold by all Druggists.

MANAGER, capable man manage branch, old established house; $125 month; extra commissions. Must be well recommended and furnish $300 cash. MANAGER, Drawer 74, New Haven, Conn. to nov17

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,

BOTTLERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer Tonic, Vanil Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton

18 Bow Street, Portsmouth

SHE LIMPED IN.

The St. Paul Has A Hard Experience.

Collision With A Derelict Wrecks Starboard Engines.

So She Makes Port Under Difficulties, At Reduced Speed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The American line steamer St. Paul came limping in this morning under her port engines, after the most serious experience in her career. On October 31st, at eight o'clock in the evening, while in latitude 46.13 and longitude 48.03, the St. Paul struck a submerged wreck, carrying away her starboard propeller and causing her engines to race so fiercely that the shaft broke, cutting off the connections. The engines were so badly damaged that it will take six months to repair them. The ship is leaking considerably now. When the accident occurred the cabin passengers were quite excited, but were soon reassured by the statement that the ship was in no serious peril. The engineers disconnected the starboard engines and the St. Paul made the rest of the trip under the port engines, at reduced speed.

TRIBAL REBELLION QUELLED.

VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 4.—South Sea advices, received from Sydney, say that the warship Moewe was called to one of the islands of the Admiralty group to quell a tribal rebellion, in which one section of the natives had arisen and slaughtered 150 others. A landing party of 120 Germans put off to land and opened fire upon the rebellious islanders, whose resistance was stubborn. Owing to the bad aim of the natives, the landing party suffered only three casualties, while six natives were shot down. Afterward, the landing party returned to the Moewe, which steamed along the shore and shelled the rebels, inflicting upon them severe injury.

LATE LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, Nov. 5, 2:00 A. M.—According to Cape Town advices, Lord Roberts has taken his ill daughter to Johannesburg and Lord Kitchener is in command at Pretoria. It is reported that Kitchener will stop the pursuit of commandos and try to settle the colony by garrisoning the towns. Earl Rosslyn has referred his dispute with Winston Churchill to the Prince of Wales, who is colonel-in chief of the regiment involved. Mr. Churchill denies that he imputed any dishonorable action to the regiment, and offers to apologize if he can be proven guilty of this charge.

NO OCCASION FOR ALARM.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 4.—Cardinal Gibbons, at high mass today, took occasion to say a few words regarding the coming election. The cardinal never takes an active part in politics, seldom, if ever, voting; but to those who share his confidence, he does not hesitate to express himself freely on the issues involved. Cardinal Gibbons believes there is no occasion for alarm over the result of the election and nothing to warrant the feeling that the election of either candidate will affect seriously the welfare and prosperity of the republic.

EXPRESS THEIR LOYALTY.

MANILA, Nov. 4.—Last week was devoted to active scouting. The rebels, having failed to catch a single garrison, are now suffering a reaction. Today, Signor Buencamino (leader of the former insurgents in Manila) requested Judge Taft to send to Washington an expression of their loyalty to the United States. There is much excitement here over the probable result of the coming presidential election in the States, and a lot of betting.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—Forecast for New England: Fair Monday and Tuesday, fresh north winds.

GETS LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

ALFRED, ME., Nov. 3.—George R. Champion was tonight found guilty of murder in the first degree, and was sentenced to state prison for life, the extreme penalty in this state. Champion was charged with murdering George Goodwin, sixty; his mother, Mrs. Elsie N. Horne, seventy six; his adopted son, Scott Goodwin, twenty, and a farmhand, Fred Bertsch, at the Goodwin farm house, West Newfield, Me., June 10th, and burning the house, with the bodies, to hide his crime, which was committed for purposes of robbery. Champion stood up and calmly heard the decree pronounced by which he is to spend the rest of his natural life behind the prison walls. The sentence was that Champion be confined at hard labor for life at the state prison at Thomaston. This was the extreme punishment for the crime as provided by the statutes, capital punishment in Maine having been abolished some fifteen years ago. Champion was removed to the jail here immediately after sentence, and will be taken to Thomaston prison Monday. The verdict of the jury seemed to meet the approval of the community here.

SANK THE MOSQUITA.

QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 4.—The Cunard line steamer Saxonia, Capt. Pritchard, from New York October 27th, arrived here today, having on board fifteen of the crew of the schooner Mary P. Mosquita, which the Saxonia sank off Gloucester, Mass., on the day of her departure from Boston. One of the schooner's sailors was drowned. No harm was done the Saxonia in the collision.

ENGINE KILLED THEM.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., Nov. 4.—Sanford W. Weatherhead and his wife, both between sixty and sixty-five years of age, were almost instantly killed early this morning, being struck by an engine on the New London Northern railroad at Weare's crossing, in this town. They were returning from a visit to friends in another section of Northfield.

MEXICAN TANNERY BURNED.

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 4.—A large tannery at Rancho del Chopo, near this city, was burned today, and the loss is estimated at a half million dollars. The tannery was owned by a stock company, in which Americans, Mexicans and Germans were shareholders.

SOME HAD LIMBS BROKEN.

MONTREAL, Nov. 4.—Twenty persons were injured, some suffering broken limbs, in a trolley accident here today. While ascending a steep hill, the trolley slipped off, the motorman lost control and the car dashed down into another.

ANOTHER BODY FOUND.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Another body was found in the ruins of the Tarrant building today, that of a man, with the right leg and left arm missing. The features were unrecognizable.

CLAIMS 294 FOR McKINLEY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The republican national committee today issued its final official statement of the election outlook, claiming 294 electoral votes for McKinley.

FOOT BALL SATURDAY.

Harvard 17, U. of P. 5.
West Point 0, Yale 18.
Princeton 0, Cornell 12.
Wesleyan 16, Dartmouth 5.
Williams 11, Holy Cross 0.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Alfred Gooding preached at Newington on Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Lucius H. Thayer assumed the pastorate of the North church ten years ago yesterday.

Several were received into the membership during the morning service at the Methodist church on Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery Brackett sang at the morning and evening services at the North church on Sunday.

Rev. George W. Gile of the Middle street church commenced on Sunday evening a series of nine lectures on practical questions in relation to the place and the work of the church in modern society. The topic of this initial discourse was "The Church and Politics." The church quartet rendered special music.

Read the *Herald* for the latest News.

HEARD AT RANDOM.

Here's Still Another.

They are springing all sorts of political jokes now. This is about the most reckless of those that have been produced so far:

"I see that Bryan has been on a speechmaking tour of the South in a horseless carriage."

"Yes; do you think he will carry Alabama?"

"Well, he outer Mobile, all right."

Great Crowd Of Belles.

Said a young man who attended the football game in Cambridge, Saturday: "I never saw such an immense crowd of beautiful women anywhere in my life as poured into Soldier's field for an hour previous to the lining up of the teams. It was a sight worth going there to enjoy. There were scores and hundreds of scores of women exhibiting every style of beauty. The contingent from Philadelphia was a stunner for fine looks and nobby attire. Fifth avenue sent a big bevy of attractive ones, and I was told that even Baltimore (which boasts of producing the handsomest women in the land) was well represented in the great throng. It made a fellow feel proud of his American sisters, as he watched that almost endless stream of charming girls pass in through the gate."

Heard Scheda Play.

"I went into Music hall, Boston, one day last week, and heard Scheda play," said a Portsmouth musician. "He appeared for his turn at half past two and half past nine o'clock, each day. The former Portsmouth violinist made a decided hit on this occasion and I was informed by attaches of the house that he had given the best of satisfaction during his engagement. I talked with Scheda a little later. He said that he would probably go to New York and Philadelphia from Boston. He told me what he was paid by his Music hall contract and the figures would surprise you. He is well worth it, though, in my opinion."

He Counted The Cars.

Another of the Portsmouth party that went to the game observed: "I got an excellent idea, while I was in Boston on Saturday, of the enormous business done by the West End road on such occasions. After the game I rode back into town on a car that took me over the Charles River bridge and around by Park square, through Eliot street, to Washington. During the ride, which lasted forty minutes or more, a man sitting beside me—a quiet, thoughtful appearing chap—took pains to count all the cars that we met. As we rounded into Washington street, he sprung it on me. We had met 153 cars. And in most of them people were clinging to the straps."

He Expects It Soon.

"The abolition of all these grade crossings will tend to revolutionize speed conditions on this division, between Portsmouth and Boston," remarked a man to his companion, as they were riding toward Boston on a morning train, Saturday. "When the work is all completed, I expect that it will not be long then before trains will be making the run inside of an hour. I don't know why they shouldn't, do you? Indeed, a Boston and Maine railroad man whose judgment is certainly better than mine, told me recently that he should be surprised if the schedule time was not cut down largely soon."

He Knows Paterson.

A member of the Portsmouth city government is taking considerable interest in the Paterson murder case. He said, on Sunday: "You see, I have been in Paterson a lot of times. I know well the location of a number of places concerned in the case. It is a tough town, all right, but no worse than Newark, Jersey City and other cities around New York. All of them are very loose morally. They imbibe New York's atmosphere. This case, though, (about as nauseating in its details as any I ever heard of,) has rather stirred Paterson to a sense of shame, and it may transform things there."

The Shore Boulevard.

A Portsmouth man who is actively interested in the furtherance of the construction of the boulevard along this coast said, on Saturday: "I hope Portsmouth will send to the legislature men who will be of some real service to the project. This shore boulevard means more to the city than most people here realize. Why, I believe that if Portsmouth had to expend one hundred thousand dollars on it, the city would get it back and much more, too. We want representatives at Concord who can help us practically. Voters ought to keep this matter in mind tomorrow."

REPUBLICANS ATTENTION.

It is the duty of every republican to vote the straight ticket. It is dangerous to "cut" a ticket. It is liable to be wrong and possibly your vote would be lost.

Some of the most capable vaudeville artists from Keith's and Boston Music hall will be seen at Music hall on Tuesday evening.

NAVAL MATTERS.

Items of General Interest, Personal Mention and Various Notes.

Rear Admiral Sampson is in better health than before his recent illness.

The court of inquiry to fix the responsibility for the collision of the Dahlgren and Craven will assemble at Newport, tomorrow, Tuesday.

The navy department has decided to locate the new million dollar dry dock at the Brooklyn navy yard, between docks 1 and 2, as recommended by a majority of the board appointed to select a site.

Ten thousand men should comprise the marine corps in order that it may meet all demands made upon it, is the opinion of Brig. Gen. Charles Haywood, its commander. Gen. Haywood's annual report shows that every officer connected with the command and many enlisted men performed gallant service in China.

QUITE AN INCREASE.

Since the Boston and Maine got control of the Fitchburg railroad the company's authorities at this station have had their hands full to take care of the extra freight which goes through Portsmouth on its way down east and the freight that comes over the Fitchburg to Nashua or Concord and is then transferred at Rockingham Junction to the Portsmouth and Concord branch. It is estimated that fully one hundred more freight cars pass through this city each night than formerly.

GIVE THEM A FULL VOTE.

The republican county ticket from top to bottom is composed of good, clean, upright men and are entitled to the support of every member of the party. Let Portsmouth republicans give M. M. Collis, John W. Kelley and Ceylon Spinney of this city a vote that they may feel proud of. They are the Portsmouth men on the ticket.

COMING TO THIS YARD.

Admiral Hichborn, U. S. N., chief of the bureau of construction, will attend the launching of the torpedo boat destroyer Lawrence at Weymouth, Mass., next Wednesday, in company with Mrs. Hichborn, and will afterward inspect the construction work at the Portsmouth yard.

SPORTING NOTES.

The Unity team will have some practice this week.

The Dover High team beat Berwick academy, 26 to 0, Friday.

Several Portsmouth boys won money at Cambridge on Saturday.

Everyone in the city wants to see Dover play here Thanksgiving Day.

Portsmouth cranks are quite pleased with the work of Morse of the Unity Club team.

The Maplewood team was accompanied to Dover, Saturday, by quite a crowd of rooters.

Exeter did not play Worcester Tech, Saturday. The team will have nothing but secret practice until the Andover game, Nov. 10.

The crowds will be kept off the field at the coming games at the park. Both sides will be roped off and two policemen will be kept on duty during the game.

Somehow the football teams that have lined up against Dartmouth this season have not been in as good condition immediately thereafter as they were before the game.

FOOT BALL.

The West Ends went to Rye on Saturday morning and defeated the town team there by the ridiculously large score of 77 to 0, forty-two points being made in the first half. The game was played on the South school grounds and was altogether too one-sided to be of interest. Once the Rye fullback reached Portsmouth's five-yard line, where he was downed. This is the nearest the Ryes came to scoring.

The young Bowerys defeated the South Ends at the bicycle park on Saturday forenoon, 5 to 0. The spectators present, of whom there were quite a number, saw a lively game.

The eleven of the Maplewood Athletic club visited Dover on Saturday and played the team of the Athletic club of that city. Although defeated, the Maplewoods put up a strong game. Page scored their only touchdown. The contest was free from slugging or any other unpleasantness, both teams putting up clean and honest football. The score was 10 to 5.

Political forecasters are working over time.

"Do Not Grasp at the Shadow and Lose the Substance."

Many people are but shadows of their former selves; due to neglect of health. Look out for the blood, the fountain of life, the actual substance; keep that pure by regular use of Hood's Sarsaparilla and robust health will be the result.

Dyspepsia, weakness, and other worries will be things of the past and life will be worth living.

Hacking Cough—*"I was troubled with dry, hacking cough. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me and three bottles cured me and made me strong." George W. Bennam, Coolspring, Del.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, - - MANAGER.

Election Night, Tuesday, Nov. 6

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

GORMAN SPECIALTY CO.

14 PEOPLE

The Best Talent That Money Can Procure.

ELECTION RETURNS Will Be Received BY SPECIAL WIRE **DIRECT TO THE STAGE**

As an extra attraction the Cream of Local Talent will be included in the Grand Bill.

Popular Prices Will Prevail.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

A QUAKING RAILWAY

AT FULL SPEED WITH THE TRACK CURLING UNDER THE TRAIN.

Engineer Burn Relates His Experience on the Night of the Charleston Earthquake. Running at Fifty Miles an Hour When the Shocks Began.

There are few locomotive engineers alive today who have had a more thrilling adventure in a cab than the man who pulled a trainload of passengers out of Charleston on the night of the memorable earthquake. The throttle was wide open and the train was dashing down a long, steep grade at the rate of 50 miles an hour. The engineer had to reach a small station a short distance ahead and side track to allow an excursion train for Charleston to pass. The local was behind time and the engineer knew that 500 lives depended on his getting safely into the siding before the headlight of the other train hove in sight. Suddenly the earth shook, but the rumbling noise accompanying the shock was drowned in the roar of the speeding train. Without the least notice the track under the train began to quiver and move, while the locomotive trembled like a deer at bay. The engineer thought that the engine had jumped the track and was running along over the crossties. The train tolled on for half a mile before being ditched. Engineer Charles H. Burn was the only person injured, and he would have escaped unhurt had he jumped. He remained at his post, however, as if glued to the seat. His mind was so intent upon reaching the side track that he could give little thought to the earthquake. Mr. Burn gave The Sun correspondent his story.

"It was 9:25 on the night of Aug. 31, 1886," he said, "when I mounted the train in the railroad yards here and got orders to pull out to Summerville, 30 miles distant. The weather was hot, with not a breath of air stirring. My train started on time, but soon afterward we were delayed a few minutes. My orders read to side track at Ten Mile for a down passenger excursion train to pass. When I got to a point a mile and a half from the station, I found that I had only two minutes to make the run and have the switch clear for the other train. The chances were, too, that it would be on time, and I realized that I had a race against death. The track ahead of me, however, was clear.

"Every nerve in me was strained, for I knew what would be the consequences if I ran in half a minute late. I was in this condition and flying over the final stretch, with the throttle wide open, when the first tremor of the earth was felt. My first impression was that the engine had jumped the rail and was shooting over the crossties. I looked back once and saw that the coaches were following all right, but the next instant I knew it was an earthquake. The track under me was jerked to one side and then to the other. I looked ahead, and the bright glistening on the top of the shiny rail could not be seen. A second glance showed that the rails were moved out of their original position and were in the exact shape of a horseshoe. The engine would twitch and squirm, but it held to the rail, and the movement of the whole train was very much like that of a snake crawling over the sand.

"When I saw how the rails had contracted, I tried to stop the train. I applied the brakes, and immediately the engine jumped the track. It was like a whirlwind to me. The cab on the engine was broken off and the top of the cab was thrown 30 feet, bottom upward. Arnold, the colored fireman, went with it and had a close shave, but escaped unhurt.

"It is almost impossible for me to describe my feelings while on that rocking engine, speeding over rough track at the rate of 50 miles an hour. The speed was not slackened by the winding of the track, but the engine was flying to the right one second and to the left the next and getting over the ground so swiftly that it took all my strength to keep myself in by holding on to the lever. The engine seemed to groan.

"When we were ditched, I was thrown into the soft mud and pinned down by part of the engine. Another shock came about this time, and it buried the engine lower in the loose sand. This made it harder for me, but fortunately I was not burned or scalded. The third shock came, and down went the engine again in the sand. I could not move a limb, and the heat from the furnace near me fairly made my skin fall away. A lot of frightened negroes came rushing by the train, running they knew not where, and I begged them to get me out.

"'Tain't no use, white man, cried one old fellow. 'Your time done up now, and we is all gwine down togedder. Goodby.'

"The earth continued to tremble during the night, or at least until 3 o'clock in the morning, when I was taken out of the wreck. I have been on the road for 30 years, but I never expect to go through another such experience as on that night of the earthquake. Nothing but the mercy of God saved me and the train."

The wreck of Engineer Burn's train occurred on the South Carolina and Georgia railroad ten miles from Charleston. At almost the same minute two other wrecks took place, and the only deaths were those of the firemen on both trains. At Horse Creek the heavy commotion of the water in a pond close by the railroad caused the pond to overflow and wash away the railroad. The train stopped soon after getting in. Engineer Reynolds swam out and landed high in the branches of a tree. The fireman in trying to reach a limb was killed.

The passenger train that left here early in the afternoon for Augusta, Ga., met with an accident between Graniteville and Langley. A large pond by the railroad track broke away and submerged the road under the train. The engine left the track in a jiffy, and in the smashup the fireman was killed. The train remained on the track, and the passengers escaped without a scratch. All along the road the rails were distorted into horseshoe shape, but the engine driven by Burn was the only one that went half a mile over the rough and winding rails.—Charleston Cor. New York Sun.

Unwarranted Inference.

"That was my cousin George I was out driving with yesterday afternoon. You ought to see him manage a team! He is the most expert driver with one hand I ever saw."

"Drove with one hand, did he, Miss Julia? I think I understand."

"Sir! He talked to me with the other one. He is deaf and dumb."—Chicago Tribune.

Financial Acumen.

"An allowance is something like a bicycle."

"How so?"

"A man can put his wife on it, but he can't make her stay on it."—Chicago Record.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammy Green one day.
"Then I can do just what I choose.
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face, or comb my hair.
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere
And never have again to fill
That old chip basket, so I will!

"Goodby, mamma!" he said. "Goodby!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed a single tear.
"There now," said Sammy Green. "I know
She does not care if I do go.
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
That old chip basket, so she will!"

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You're off, for sure. I wish you joy."
And Sammy's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously as he passed through,
"Tonight whatever will you do,
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper time on top of bread?"

One block from home and Sammy Green's
Weak little heart was full of fear.
He thought about Red Riding Hood,
The wolf that met her in the wood,
The beanstalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fum!"
Of the dark night and the policeman.
Then poor Sammy homeward ran.

Quick through the alleyway he sped
And crawled in through the old woodshed.
The big chip basket he did fill,
He blacked his shoes up with a will,
He washed his face and combed his hair,
He went up to his mother's chair
And kissed her twice, and then he said,
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread!"

—Mrs. S. T. Perry.

CUTTING THIRD BASE.

How Mike Kelly First Worked the Famous Trick In Boston.

The trick of cutting third base in a game of ball was originated by the late Mike Kelly when he was a member of the famous Chicago champions. The first time he tried it successfully was in Boston. There were 10,000 persons present, and when the last half of the ninth inning began the score was tied. Kelly, who was the first man at the bat, turned to the crowded grand stand before taking his place and shouted:

"Open the gates and go home! It's all over!" Kel was guyed unmercifully, but he merely laughed and cracked out a safe hit. As he crossed first base he fell and rolled on the ground in apparent agony.

"It's me ankle!" cried the king, and the Chicago players took off his shoe. After 15 minutes' delay Kelly got up and seemed to be very lame. The Boston battery, believing that he could not run, paid little attention to him, until suddenly he dashed for second like a real sprinter and slid around Burdock in safety.

"Never touched me!" yelled Kelly, and then all eyes were turned to Captain Anson. The latter finally pushed a slow grounder toward John Morrill, the first baseman, and Eugene Van Court, the umpire, ran down the base line to see whether Morrill got to the bag ahead of Anson. He believed Kelly would go only as far as third, so he did not look at Mike.

The moment the ball was hit by Anson Kel ran as far as the short stop, then turned boldly into the infield and cut across at least five yards from third. He reached the base line before the umpire turned to see what he was doing and fairly flew over the plate in a long slide with the winning run.

"He didn't touch third!" screamed hundreds.

"He cut the bag by five yards!" roared Sam Wise, the Boston short stop. But the umpire was helpless, as he hadn't seen the trick, and so was compelled to allow the run. The big crowd, at first enraged at the trick, leaped down upon the field in a threatening manner, but Kel soon won everybody over by shouting:

"It's all over! The game's won! You can't get it back! Open the gates!" Then there was a great cheer for the trickiest ball player who ever walked the diamond. This trick was original with Kelly, and many players have tried it since.—New York Sun.

The Bedouin of Socotra.

The Bedouin is decidedly a handsome individual, lithe of limb like his goats and with a cafe au lait colored skin. He has a sharp profile, excellent teeth. He often wears a stubby black beard and has beautifully penciled eyebrows, and, though differing entirely in language, in physique and type, he closely resembles the Bedouin found in the Mahri and Gara mountains. Furthermore, the mode of life is the same—dwelling in caves when necessary, but having permanent abodes on the lower lands—and they have several other striking points in common. Greetings take place between the Arabian Bedouins and the Socotran Bedouins in similar fashion, by touching each cheek and then rubbing the nose. We found the Bedouin of Mount Haghier fond of dancing and playing his tcherane, and also peculiarly lax in his religious observances, and, though ostensibly conforming to Mohammedan practice, he observes next to none of their precepts, and it is precisely the same with the Bedouins whom we met in the Gara mountains. There is certainly nothing African about the Socotran Bedouin. Therefore I am inclined to consider him as a branch of that aboriginal race which inhabited Arabia, with a language of its own.—Nineteenth Century.

Arranging Window Garden Plants.

"In arranging plants in the window garden aim always to have the view from the room pleasing," writes Eben E. Rexford of "Indoor Window Gardening," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "They are for home adornment, and they should be most attractive from the home standpoint. A good general rule to follow for effectiveness in arrangement is to have the taller ones at the sides. This frames in the window and allows the sun to get at the center of the group. If all the plants are sun loving ones, dispose the low growing ones next the glass, with the taller ones behind them. Do not crowd any of them. The use of swinging iron brackets at each side of the window frame is highly advisable from the standpoint of utility as well as looks. Those holding three pots enable one to arrange small plants of a drooping nature, so that the effect is very fine. These brackets can be swung to or from the glass and are preferable to shelves.

The strait of the Dardanelles is less than 50 miles long, but, diplomatically speaking, it reaches to all the capitals of Europe and even to the state department at Washington.

One inch of rain falling upon one square mile is equivalent to about 17,500,000 gallons of water.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

SHE GOT THE CLOTH.

A Clever Woman's Manipulation of a Clever Little Trick.

There are callings and callings open to both women and men by which they can gain a livelihood, but when it comes to the "old confidence game" as a means of living the men must step back and take off their hats to the ladies. To be sure, there are not as many women up to this "racket" as there are men, but those who are knowing ones are geniuses at the business. They could make a killing where nine "con" men out of ten would have to either starve or work honestly for a living.

It was not long ago that this was most powerfully illustrated, and, to the sorrow of a clerk in the linen department of a Market street firm. A well known matron, who lives in the fashionable portion of the city, is the heroine of this tragedy. She was out for what she could get and incidentally wished to purchase a tablecloth. She entered the house of the firm and, going to the linen department, asked the clerk what a certain tablecloth which was in the stock was worth. He priced them for her at $3.

This did not suit at all, and after an argument of some minutes she finally persuaded him to sell the tablecloth at $2.50. When she had got the poor clerk to this stage, she had him just where she wanted him. She looked the tablecloth over once more and then remarked that she could get a tablecloth at another place for the same price.

The clerk feeling "sore" because he had allowed a woman to beat him down, replied:

"Well, if you can, I'll give you this cloth."

"You will?" she answered eagerly. "All right. Just wait here a minute."

She left the store and, going to the other place, asked the head clerk to show her a tablecloth of the kind she had seen at the other store. It was priced at $3, but this did not daunt her. She said:

"They tell me over at So-and-so's that if you let me have a tablecloth like this for $2.50 they will give me one."

Of course the clerk immediately let her have one for $2.50. Taking the ticket and cloth, she returned to the clerk.

"There," she said, showing it to him. "I got it for $2.50."

No proof was wanting to convince the clerk that she had got it at that price, so he gave her the cloth and charged himself with it.

Then this lady returned with the purchased cloth to the other place and got credit on it, after which she went on her way rejoicing, just one $3 tablecloth in.—Louisville Commercial.

All's Fair In a Case of This Kind.

When the young married man tells this story, he makes sure that his father is not within earshot.

"I never had but one falling out with the governor," he declares. "When I went home one evening and told him that I was engaged, he cross questioned me like a lawyer, and each answer increased his wrath, till he positively forbade the bans. I have something of a temper myself, and after a stormy interchange we agreed upon a compromise. He did not like the girl's family. He would have it that she was a fortune hunter. He could never approve of her under any circumstances, but if I would go abroad for two years, see other women, hold no communication with my fiancee and then return to marry her he would interpose no obstacle. I accepted his terms.

"After I had been in Paris a year I met an American girl who was in all respects my ideal. She was with a wealthy aunt, whose name she had taken and whose fortune she was to inherit. I wrote the governor about her, sent him the opinion of some of my countrymen whom he knew and said that his scheme had proved a good one after all. With his permission I would wed the girl in Paris.

"He cabled his permission and his approval, but in the letter that followed there was a tone of mild reproval for my inconstancy. You notice that my wife is a prime favorite with him. He never tires of singing her praises and doesn't allow a day to go by without reminding me how he saved me from the blunder that would have spoiled my life."

"But wasn't it a little hard on the one you left behind?"

"Not at all. She's the same girl I met in Paris, but he doesn't know it, and I mean that he never shall."—Detroit Free Press.

Queen Victoria and Her Coronation.

Several mistakes occurred during the ceremonials. The "heads of the departments" did not seem to know their business. The queen preserved her composure and did not seem embarrassed, though once she turned to Lord Thynne and said, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know." Lord Rolle, a man 80 years old and very feeble, stumbled and fell as he attempted to mount the steps of the throne to do her homage. "May I not get up to meet him?" she exclaimed, and without waiting for a reply she arose and went to him, and this little act of thoughtful kindness called forth praise from all beholders.

The confusion ceased when the choir sang "This Is the Day," etc. The people again shouted, "God save Queen Victoria!" as she arose from the throne and followed the archbishop to the altar. She laid aside the crown and scepter and knelt to receive the sacrament. She then resumed her "ensigns of royalty" and returned to the throne till the communion service was finished, and with this the ceremony of the coronation of Queen Victoria came to an end. She had been in the abbey four hours and a half when she was permitted to enter her state coach to return to the palace.—Harper's Round Table.

She Missed Him.

A poor woman who kept a small shop in a northern village, and who was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family, one day found herself a widow through the sudden demise of her spouse. A lady, who frequently made small purchases at the shop, called to see her and to offer her sympathy, though well knowing that the man's death must in a certain sense come as a relief, as the wife had often suffered from his violence. She was not, however, quite prepared for the stoical way in which the wife took her bereavement.

Said the lady:

"I am sure, Mrs. G., you must miss your husband."

"Well, mum, it do seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till."—London Tit-Bits.

The Power of the Press.

In the hands of one entirely great the printing press is mightier than the sword. People who do not understand the working of the machine, however, get ink on themselves when they attempt to use it.—Mobile Register.

WEST POINT CADETS.

PRANKS WHICH THE UPPER CLASS MEN PLAY ON THE PLEBES.

Traditions and Precedents Which Must Be Faithfully Observed by All Newcomers at Uncle Sam's Military Academy.

There is probably no place in the United States where traditions and precedents have so much weight as they have at West Point. These traditions are carefully preserved and handed down from one class to another, and it is of the rarest occurrence for a cadet to do anything that is contrary to them. If he does violate an important one, the cadet in question is made to feel the displeasure of the corps in an unmistakable manner.

Such a tradition is that a "plebe," as members of the fourth class are called, is never regarded on an equal footing with an upper class man until he has completed his first year at the academy. He is invariably addressed as Mr. So-and-so or just plain Mr. and must always address upper class men in the same formal manner, and, in addition, he must be prolific in his use of the word "sir," affixing it to the end of every sentence.

If a plebe is asked by an upper class man what his name is, he must reply "Mr. Brown, sir," or whatever his name may be, and if he fails to do so he is certain to be told to "put a 'sir' on that, Mr.," in a way that will usually cause him to remember it. Of course, a plebe soon learns this, and there is no longer any trouble with him on that score.

An amusing anecdote is told of a raw country lad who reported at West Point a few years ago concerning this use of the word "sir." When the new cadets report at the academy, they first visit the adjutant's office, where they deposit their credentials and give information concerning their parents or guardians and their former careers. Next they visit the treasurer's office and deposit what money they may have with them, and then they go to the barracks, where they report to the cadet officer in charge of their instruction. It is here that they receive their first taste of military discipline. Well, this young man passed through the preliminaries, finally reaching the barracks, and after several attempts to enter the office in a military manner and to the satisfaction of the austere lieutenant in charge he was asked by that functionary what his name was.

"John Smith," answered the lad.

"Suppose you put a 'sir' on that!" cried the cadet officer, forgetting for the moment in his assumed wrath the equally heinous omission of the "Mr."

"Sir John Smith," innocently replied the plebe, and supposed he had obeyed to the letter his superior's injunction. For the next few minutes that poor plebe's life was a burden to him, for all the cadets about the room at once began "crawling" him for his supposed attempt at facetiousness. The name "Sir John" stuck to him throughout his entire career at the academy and even followed him into the army.

It has been the custom in the corps from time immemorial to "devil" plebes during their first encampment. A great many of the practices indulged in are perfectly innocent, and so long as the upper class men confine themselves to them there is little or no opposition from the authorities.

An incident illustrative of this is told by an officer who was walking in the rear of Company D's tents one afternoon in one of the encampments of the cadets at West Point. He heard a voice from the body of the encampment shouting in stentorian tones: "I'm mad! I'm mad! I know I'm mad!" Wondering what the trouble was, he walked a short distance farther and looked between the tents. There he saw in a tent across the company street a great, strapping plebe, over six feet tall and weighing more than 200 pounds, creeping on his hands and knees about the tent like a caged lion and every minute or two giving vent to the cry that he was mad. Stopping for a moment to take in the situation fully, the officer heard a mild and persuasive voice from a nearby tent say: "Put more feeling in it, mister. Say it as if you meant it."

The officer, perceiving that the whole thing was only an innocent form of devilment contrived by some ingenious yearling, made no report of it, but went on his way.

Another amusing incident of this kind occurred one quiet Sunday afternoon, when most of the cadets were asleep in their tents and the visitors' seats in front of the camp parade were nearly deserted. A tall, slender cadet, wearing a shako and plume, armed with a saber and riding between his legs a little tin horse scarcely six inches high, came charging down the company street, brandishing his saber and shouting: "Turn, boys, turn. We're going back!" Back and forth through the different company streets he ran, dragging his horse with him, until finally he ran into the officer in charge, who promptly confined him in the guard tent. But all the camp had been awakened, and the cadets and a few visitors had a good laugh. The plebe was released the next morning none the worse for his night in confinement.

A plebe's first night on guard is generally an unpleasant experience for him, for, besides the official visits of the various officers and noncommissioned officers charged with his instruction, to see that he understands all the fine points of his duties as a sentinel, he is sure to be visited by a legion of spooks, hobgoblins and various other unauthorized individuals.

An incident of this kind is related where a yearling, wrapped in a sheet, appeared on the post of a plebe sentinel at night. "Halt!" shouted the plebe. "Who is there?"

"Moses and the Ten Commandments," came the response.

The poor plebe thought there was something irregular, but he remembered his instructions about never allowing more than one to advance at a time at night, so he promptly shouted:

"Advance, one commandment, to be recognized."

A favorite pastime among cadets for generations past has been to capture a land tortoise and after taps at night to start him across the parade with a lighted candle on his back. As a consequence many a plebe has been severely "jumped" for permitting a light to approach or cross his post.—New York Tribune.

"BROMO" not the same as "BROMIDE."

In buying Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the old standard remedy which **cures a cold in one day**, be sure that it is labeled **Bromo** and not Bromide. At all druggists. 25c.

CHINESE CAP BUTTONS.

Badges That Indicate the Rank of the Aristocratic Wearer.

Every one has heard of the Chinese buttons and how they indicate rank. A great many people, however, have no idea what the official button is. All Chinamen have buttons about as big as a hickory nut on the tops of their skullcaps, and in case of the common people these buttons are made out of blue or red silk thread, and when a man goes into mourning they are of white silk.

The average common hat is of the finest black satin, and the shapes of these caps change from year to year. The Chinese are as particular about the cut of their clothes as we are. They have their favorite fashionable colors, and there are just as many dudes and dandies in Peking and Canton as there are in London.

The official button is about three times as large as the ordinary silk button. Its color and material indicate the rank of the wearer. It stands straight up on the crown of the cap, and it sometimes fastens on the peacock feather. The highest button is of a dark red coral. Members of the second class of nobility wear a coral ball of light blue and the fourth of dark blue. A noble or official of the fifth class wears a ball of crystal, and a mandarin of the sixth class has a little round ball made of mother of pearl on the top of his cap. Below these come the mandarins of the seventh and eighth classes, who wear big marbles of gold, and members of the ninth class, who have their hats decorated with silver balls.

These official hats, or caps, fit closely to the head and have brims which are turned up all around and extend as high as the top of the cap. These caps are of black beaver, and they are usually covered with a red silk tassel, which begins at the bottom and runs out to the edges of the top. The laws provide as to the kind of hat an official must wear and his dress is regulated by the statutes. The sleeves of all officials must be very long and come down over the hands, and whenever the nobles and officials call on the emperor they must not have their sleeves rolled up. The idea is that no man can fight well with his arms enveloped in bags, and a would be assassin, when he is compelled to come in on his knees and have his sleeves extending for a foot beyond his hands, would require some time to prepare for action.

The laws provide that certain colors shall not be worn by common people. Only the highest nobles and the emperor can wear dresses embroidered with the five clawed dragon. A great many of the officials have their gowns embroidered with dragons, and one can tell the rank of a man by the number of gold dragons on his gown, but these dragons must be four clawed, and not five.—Spare Moments.

Launching Methods.

The problem that the shipbuilder has to solve in launching is the transfer of a huge, unwieldy, heavy mass from terra firma to the water. Small vessels are simply dragged down by what is called Scotch science, defined by Americans to be "main force and stupidity," over the pebbles of the beach or over wooden rollers, and such was probably the practice of the ancients, but even they had to have recourse to mechanical means when their ships attained a certain size. They probably used some sort of windlass, actuating a great many hauling ropes—at least that is the sort of machine Archimedes is reported to have designed for the purpose.

Nowadays, in vessels of any size advantage is taken of the energy of position of the ship on the stocks, as measured by the difference of the height of the center of gravity of the vessel on land and afloat. A ship is supported on wooden keel blocks at a certain distance above the ground. In the slow process of construction piece by piece of metal and wood is raised up and built into the vessel, and the result of the sum of all these lifts is that the general center of gravity of the whole structure is many feet above the ground, constituting a force, available for launching, just as a loose bowlder is ready to be pushed down a hill. In a certain sense, therefore, we may say that the operation of launching begins with the first step in the construction of the ship.—Robert Caird in Cassier's Magazine.

Uses of Bamboo.

The attention of builders is being drawn to the value of bamboo as a building material. The great strength of bamboo poles is not at all understood by the majority of persons. It is stated on excellent authority that two bamboo poles, each of them 1 7-10 inches in diameter, when placed side by side, will support a grand piano slung between them by ropes and that they will neither sag nor break under the burden. Bamboo will form poles 65 to 70 feet long and from 8 to 10 inches in diameter. A derrick, 26 feet high, made of 4 inch bamboo poles, raised two iron girders, weighing together 424 pounds. The wonderful lightness of this material in proportion to its strength has excited comment of late, and new uses are constantly being made of it. Scaffoldings of bamboo have the advantage of lightness and strength. It is predicted that this material will come into general use for such purposes. An additional advantage is that bamboo resists decay in water as well as in the earth, that the older and drier it gets the more solid it becomes, and that it can be grown for an incredibly small sum.—New York Ledger.

A Philosophic Sweep.

"The best thing I heard," writes a correspondent of the London Daily News, "in the great crowds which thronged the streets of the west end came from the mouth of a sweep. Rolling out of Piccadilly into Berkeley street came one of those splendid old family carriages, gorgeous with golden lions and dragons, heavily hung with maroon trappings, guarded by two maroon footmen in the rear, driven by a burly maroon coachman in a curly wig, containing two visions in white with lovely bouquets. At that moment the sweep I refer to and his friend were emerging into Piccadilly, with blackened faces and brushes, having evidently just transacted some affair of business, when this splendid vehicle attracted their attention. Says one, 'Bill, I wish we was them!' 'Why?' answered Bill, much surprised. 'They'll have to die the same as us.' I have just turned over the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius' in search of some more profound reflection upon the inequality of our lots on this ant heap of ours, and in vain."

Searching For Light.

A well dressed, sensible looking woman strolled into Roosevelt hospital not long ago and asked if they had any X rays. "I've read a lot about them," she said before the astonished attendant could reply, "and how much good they are, so I just thought I'd like to try them. I haven't been well for some time now, and I've tried most everything. Can you let me have a bottle of X rays?"—New York Sun.

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From
New York, West and South, 10:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30 p. m.
Boston, 10:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 5:30, 6:40, 9:00 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:00 a. m., 5:30, 9:00 p. m.
All points East, 7:30 a. m., 3:00, 9:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 3:00, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 6:30 p. m.
Concord and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 6 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m.
Sanbornville, 8:30, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 5:30, 9:00 p. m.
Dover, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m.
Newington, 9:30 a. m.
Kittery and York, 11:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Eliot, 11:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Sundays, 11:00 a. m.

MAILS CLOSE.

For
Boston, West and South, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 6:50 p. m.
All points East, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 8:00, 9:25 a. m., 12:20, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Manchester and way stations, 8:00, 12:20 a. m., 4:55 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m.
Sanbornville, 9:25, 10:25 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
White Mountains, 8:00, 9:25, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Dover, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 10:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m.
Newington, 10:25 a. m.
Kittery and York, 10:25 a. m., 5:25 p. m.
Eliot, 9:25 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Sundays, 4:00 p. m.

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CHECKLIST NOTICE.

THE Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby gives notice that they will be in session at the Common Council Chamber at City Hall, in said city, on the following days, viz.: September 28th, October 2d, 5th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 19th, 23d, 25th and 29th, 1900, at the following hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 5 and 7:30 to 9 P. M., for the purpose of making up and correcting the Checklists of the several wards in said city, to be used at the Presidential Election to be held on November 6th, 1900.

The said Board will be in session at the same place on November 6th, 1900, from 8 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 4 P. M. for the purpose of granting certificates to those legal voters whose names are omitted from the lists.

Voters must bear in mind that it is their personal duty to see that their names are on the lists by presenting themselves at some meeting of the Board. This clause will be strictly enforced.

LORENZO T. BURNHAM, Chairman.
EDWARD BEWLEY, Clerk.

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The only lot of fresh cement in the city

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Who wanted a gun mighty bad. You may not be in a hurry to buy until you see some of the **Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Etc.,** we are offering, and then your fingers won't be still until you have one of them in your hands. We don't handle any of the cheap cast-iron guns. The best gun metal, carefully made by skilled hands, is the material used.

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400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other Public Works,

And has received the commendation of Engineers Architects and Consumers generally

Persons wanting cement should not be deceived. Obtain the best.

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is sufficient."

Refrigerators

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Go-carts

Are somewhat out of season to advertise, we admit, but we want to call your attention to the fact that we are making

Specially Low Prices

On these two lines of goods just now in order to close out our surplus stock which otherwise will have to be carried over to another season.

Prudent People

Take advantage of the trader's dilemma and thus secure real bargains.

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TRAPPING A MOUNTAIN LION.

How a California Boy Got Even With One For Chasing Him.

"It was when I was sheep ranching in the Hermosa district, in southern California, that I was, in a way, concerned in a very queer trapping operation," said James Smith of Geneva, N. Y. "I was partner in a large ranch, and we were getting along swimmingly when one spring a mountain lion came into the neighborhood and set to killing our sheep and lambs. We tried hunting, traps and poison to rid ourselves of the beast, but could neither get him nor drive him away. The beast not only killed our sheep, but one night a herder in our employ, a boy from one of the middle western states, came running to the ranch house a good deal frightened and complained that a mountain lion had chased him. He had had a long run, and the creature had followed him to within 50 yards of the house.

"With the morning light the boy recovered courage and went out to his herding again, but he mulled over the run and the scare the lion had given him and vowed he would get even with the beast. Along the creek that bordered the range was a good growth of timber, and the boy, remembering his rabbit snaring feats in the east, rigged a 'jump up' trap on a large scale for the benefit of the lion. He built an inclosure that could be entered only by a passage on one side. Then he bent down a stiff sapling and secured its top to a notched tree stump in such a way that if it were moved, over so little, it would fly up. To this top he attached a stout rope, with a slip noose so arranged that any creature entering the inclosure would be caught by the noose and at the same time the sapling would spring upright. When everything was ready, he put a lamb in the enclosure at night and waited.

"The lamb's bleating attracted the lion, and at midnight the boy, who slept in an outbuilding, came to the ranch house to tell us that the beast was caught. Once awakened we needed no telling of the fact, for the lion's cries came plainly to our ears from up the creek. We got our guns and started for the trap. The night was dark, and as we floundered along among the trees and brushwood the foremost man nearly ran bang into the lion, hanging by the rope to the sapling. The beast had evidently tried to leap through the nooze, for he was caught, not by the neck, but round the body, just forward of the hind quarters. As he dangled from the sapling, trying to turn so as to bite off the rope, his clawings and contortions were something wonderful to see, and at every failure he let out a screech that could have been heard a mile away.

"Turn and twist as he might, he could not get to the rope with his teeth. But lest something might slip or give way and let him loose we lost no time in backing off to a safer distance, and then we finished him with our firearms. We were all mighty pleased to get rid of him, but I reckon the boy that trapped him got the most satisfaction out of the business, and he got the skin and bounty."—New York Sun.

Bills Which Must Be Passed.

In congress every member finds himself at one great disadvantage, which length of service may diminish but can never entirely take away, and that disadvantage arises from the lack of local knowledge as to far off states. We may be a homogeneous nation, but we are certainly not lacking in diversities.

The broad extent of the country, in more ways therefore than one, affects the legislative action of the house and also its methods of action.

In some of the smaller states all the business which is presented to the legislature is disposed of in some way or other. The committees report all bills and resolutions which are sent to them and both assemblies say "yes" or "no" directly or indirectly to them all.

In congress neither house attempts to do anything of the kind. The pigeonholes of all of the committees which are fortunate enough to have any business at all are found, at the end of the session and of congress, full of bills undisposed of. Thousands also of the bills reported are left on the calendars without even the poor formality of being discussed, or even of being called up. In a word, congress, when it gets ready, adjourns, leaving the dead bills by the wayside.

Obviously there are some things which have to be done. There are bills which must be passed. Unless revenue is furnished, even the ordinary function of government would be at an end. So also if the revenues were not properly appropriated according to law, the government could not go on, for its continuance costs money. Hence, under the rules of the house, the committee of ways and means, having charge of bills raising revenue, and the committees on appropriations, obliged to provide for the expenditure of revenue, have a right of way which is thorough and complete. Whenever the house desires to take up such bills, there is neither let nor hindrance. The country therefore can be sure that its necessities are provided for.—Hon. T. B. Reed in North American Review.

Why Are We Right Handed?

The question of right and left handedness is so frequently brought up that any investigation of or light on the subject must be of general interest. It has been observed that infants who crawl on all fours make much more use of the right than the left hand, unless they are left handed. A scientist accounts for this by declaring that right handedness is caused by the location of the organs of the body. The heart being on the left side causes very much greater weight than in the right. During active life the heart and arteries filled with blood make the increased weight of that side an item of some importance. The center of gravity is therefore thrown more to the left side. This being the case, the right arm is much more free than the left. There may be also a provision of nature in the use of the right hand more than the left. Throwing a ball, striking with a hammer or other violent exercise might have a depressing or injurious effect upon the heart if done with the left hand. This theory of balance and weight is by far the most rational one that has been put out, and its further development will be watched with great interest.—New York Ledger.

A Better Excuse Than Some.

Nell—Flora's going on the stage.

Belle—I didn't know she had any talent.

Nell—She hasn't, but her aunt, the great actress, has died and left Flora her entire wardrobe.—Philadelphia Record.

This is the law of benefits between men: The one ought to forget at once what he has given and the other ought never to forget what he has received.—Seneca.

Europe has four times as many cities as it had in 1831 and the United States 14 times as many.

OBLIGING DRIFTER.

HE TRAVELED 320 MILES TO MATCH A RIBBON FOR A WOMAN.

She Was Another Man's Wife, but She Was a Good, Sweet Little Creature, and Women Were Scarce at the Hudson Bay Post, and There Was to Be a Dance.

"Why, Drifter is never happier than when he is holding some woman's parcels or doing the gallant on a street car. I honestly believe he'd find pleasure on a shopping tour with his mother-in-law."

"Right you are, you cub," said Drifter, "and, what's more, as long as Drifter can navigate he'll be at the service of the ladies. The truth of the matter is, I've lived a part of my life where a woman's voice or the squalling of a teething baby was rarer music than could be furnished by all the great stars of the Metropolitan Opera company, and as for shopping with a woman—pshaw, youngster! I've traveled 320 miles to match a bit of ribbon and buy a pair of gloves for a woman, and I thought no more of it than you dawdlers do of calling a cab in Fifth avenue for a girl of your acquaintance."

Of course Drifter was asked to explain.

"Talk about dancing attendance on women," he said. "When I was up in the Lake of the Woods country in 1883 and put in my time out at the mines or exploring along Rainy river and Rainy lake with a few good fellows, we thought nothing of a day's tramp over the packed ice on the lake, with the temperature knocking around 40 degrees below, just to get a chance to hear a white woman say, 'I'm glad to see you.' There were perhaps half a dozen women all told at the little Hudson Bay post in those days—the hotel man's wife, the doctor's wife, his sister, the daughter of the agent at the Hudson Bay company's store, and the wife of the man who ran the only steamboat on the lake in the summer."

"And about that 320 mile trip for a ribbon and a pair of gloves?" queried the disrespectful cub who had started Drifter on this tack.

"Oh, yes. Well, I'm married now, settled down, have twinges of rheumatism or gout once in awhile, and like New York pretty well," continued Drifter, "but I'd walk that 320 miles in moccasins on a northwest prairie right now for the same woman under circumstances such as I am about to describe.

"Never mind her name. She was a dainty, black eyed, rosy cheeked, young wife and mother. Brought up in an old Canadian town, she had been surrounded not only with comforts, but luxuries, all her life until she married a giant of a Russian who had come to the new world to make his fortune. Something went wrong with them at home, and he came out on the C. P. R., where, at the time I speak of, he was station agent and yardmaster in that wilderness.

"It took a pretty brave man to stand the trials of winter in those diggings, but for a woman—well, this particular woman was a brick. She followed her husband as soon as he wrote for her to come. She looked as much out of place in the crowd of lumbermen, miners, half breeds and adventurers at the Portage as one of you easy going chaps would in the stokehole of an ocean liner—and that baby! It was only a few months old, but the first one in camp, and some of the old timers actually snivled when they heard the youngster cry with some infantile distress beyond their comprehension. The big Russian, during the hours when he was not working for the C. P. R., put up a little rough board house for his pretty wife, her young sister, who came along with her from their old home, and the kid. It was the best he could do, and as good as any man out there had at that time, but when the snow drifted in through the chinks and piled up on the floor, and the wind howled around the cabin, there were trying times for mother and baby. Well, of course, that husband loved her. Who wouldn't? She never murmured. She never complained of the fierce cold, of the deprivation or of the rough life. We all made friends with the baby, and as for the mother—she was the good angel of the camp.

"One day the hotel man's wife told us boys that she intended to have a dance at the hotel. 'It's to be a real nice, respectable time,' she said, 'not one of the blow outs you have in the lumber camps or out on the prairie. Not one of you men is to have a drink until the affair is over and you must slick up in your best clothes.' If there was one of us hardened sinners there were a dozen who sneaked one at a time up to the little house on the hill and asked the station agent's wife to come to the dance. I know I quarreled with two of my best friends in the camp because I told them they were intruding. They gave me a dressing down, and even went so far as to go to the husband and ask him to pick out an escort for his wife, it being well understood that he had no time for anything but work and sleep.

"Two days before the dance I went up to the house to see how the baby's latest tooth was coming on, or something of that sort. The mother looked bluer than the baby's eyes. I heard her sigh once or twice, and at last she said:

" 'Do you think it's wrong, Drifter, for a young woman to want pretty dresses and hats and gloves and ribbons and to fix herself up once in awhile, even though she is buried out here in a wilderness?'

"That was enough for me. I wanted to go. 'Pshaw!' I said. 'You always look pretty enough to eat, and so does the baby, and'—

" 'Yes,' she said, with a shade of petulance, 'but I do want to go to that dance just as if it was at my old home. I haven't a decent pair of gloves to my name, nor a ribbon sash of the color I want, and there's no way of my getting them. I might as well wish for the moon.'

"That was enough for me. 'If I get them in time, will you go to the dance with me?' I asked.

" 'Of course I will,' she answered, 'but how foolish! You can't leave here for a woman's whim and take that long journey to Winnipeg and back.'

" 'Can't I?' I exclaimed. 'See me.' I got a piece of the ribbon to match, took the size of her pretty little hand, and that night the only train out took Drifter to Winnipeg, 160 miles. At Winnipeg I astonished the clerks in all the stores, I guess, but I got that ribbon and a box of gloves, and the next day the train out took me back to the Portage, a round trip of 320 miles, to oblige a woman, and that woman another man's wife.

"Yes," concluded Drifter, "and I'd do the same thing over again to bring as much happiness as that little wife displayed when she went to the dance and probably reveled in the fact that, wilderness though it was, she was the prettiest and best dressed woman in the settlement."—New York Sun.

STEERING BY A STAR.

Sailors Can Keep the Course Better This Way Than by a Compass.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "Steering Without a Compass" by Gustav Kobbe. The author says:

That sailors prefer not to steer by compass must have struck you as one curious fact. Here is another—a steersman can keep his ship better on her course at night, if it be clear, than during the day. "Look ahead, get a star and steady her head by it." So says the A. B. of the ocean to the sailor who has not yet won his degree, for to the helmsman the stars are like the pillar of fire in Scripture. They are the hands on the dial of the night. They twinkle "good evening" to poor Jack as he sits up aloft or stands at the helm, and wink "good morning" and "goodby" to him with daylight. It is obvious that the "to" or "off" movement of a vessel can be more quickly detected by a small, bright object like a star dead ahead than by the monotonous sweep of the horizon or by peering into the compass box. The same ancient mariner who told me about measuring the length of the off and in shore legs by the life of candles told me that once, when the oil in the binnacle lamps gave out and he was steering by a star, he occasionally struck a match and looked at the compass "to see if the star had moved any." He was a genuine "sea cook," this ancient mariner, being steward of the vessel on which I was sailing, and he would bob up out of the cook's galley amidships like a seal bobbing up through a hole in the ice and proceed to spin yarns.

When the lookout sings out, "Land ho!" and has replied to the officer's "Where away?" a star over the rock or other danger may be noted and brought down in line with the point on the compass and its proper bearing obtained.

"The stars," said a sea captain to me, "move apparently from east to west, so that when we find our first star will no longer do we select another. This is the case with all but the north or pole star, which is in line with two certain stars in the Great Bear or Dipper, and the orbit is so small that it is a good guide for all night, and we can even detect errors of the compass by it."

The north star is, of course, as true as or even truer than the most accurate compass. To the "other things" that sailors steer by the compass is, however, what steam is to electricity. To produce an electric light you require a dynamo. To run the dynamo you need steam. You may feel the wind on your moist brow or hand, but the direction from which it blows you can—except in case of the regular trade winds or unless you are up in sea lore—tell only from the compass. Then by sailing close to the wind you can keep on that course without looking at the compass.

But the sailors naturally have a large accumulation of weather lore, and in addition to the "trades" there are, except in case of violent storms, certain regularities in the winds in certain parts of the ocean and certain other recurring signs which the helmsman can utilize, and which often enable him to dispense with the compass altogether. For instance, if in standing south to round the Horn, you see the "Magellanic clouds" (bright patches in the milky way) directly above the ship, change your course for the strait of Magellan.

Lord Hertford's Haste at the Funeral.

The Lord Hertford who formed the Wallace collection visited Ragley, the family place in Warwickshire, only once in his life, and that was on the day of his father's funeral, in March, 1842. The third marquis had died in London at Dorchester House, and the body had been brought by road to Ragley, where it lay in state in the darkened dining room, with tall candles burning all around, the room hung with black velvet, the bier surrounded by mutes and plumes, while the coronet was displayed on a crimson cushion placed up on the coffin, and the star and ribbon of the Garter were on a purple cushion. Squires, parsons, yeomen and country folk were all assembled, and, having refreshed themselves, the hour arrived for the funeral in Arrow church.

The following account is from a volume printed many years ago for private circulation: "Just then a traveling carriage, with four smocking post horses, dashed up the avenue. A solitary traveler got out, and, looking round him unconcerned, entered the house of death. This was the new Marquis of Hertford, heir to a most princely heritage. The travel stained horses remained standing before the principal entrance of Ragley Hall, while the funeral service was being hurried over and the unhallowed remains of a man who had left none to mourn for him were deposited in the damp, dark vault. Then, when the coffin was consigned to its niche in the family sepulcher, the traveler, drawing his ample cloak somewhat closer, stepped back into his carriage and hastened away. The wondering rustics, who looked through the closed windows from tree top and branch at the comfortably muffled figure, reported that he had fallen asleep before he reached the park gates. But, asleep or awake, none of them ever looked again on the impassive face of their landlord."—London World.

Caught.

"I want to be sure I understand you rightly," said the lawyer, who was cross examining the locomotive engineer. "At the time the accident happened to the plaintiff at what rate were you running? Please repeat your statement as to that particular."

"I had slowed down to about six miles an hour," replied the engineer.

"You are positive as to that, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You want the jury to understand that you had slowed down to six miles an hour, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Once again, you had slowed down to six miles an hour, had you?"

"Yes."

"Now, sir," thundered the lawyer, rising to his feet and glaring fiercely at the witness, "did you not testify in your direct examination that you had slowed up?"

"Of course, but"—

"That will do, sir! Gentlemen of the jury, that's our case!"

And the jurymen without leaving their seats brought in a verdict against the railway company.—Chicago Tribune.

Neighborly Sagacity.

"I never like to hear a woman spoken of as an indulgent mother."

"Why not?"

"Indulgent mothers are the kind that never interfere when their children annoy other people."—Chicago Record.

Fifty years ago the custom of eating horseflesh was first introduced in Austria. Today Vienna has nearly 200 horse butchers, and 20,000 horses are eaten every year in that city.

WILL LOVE GROW COLD?

He said he loved me. Then he called my hair
Silk threads wherewith sly Cupid strings his bow,
My cheek a rose leaf fallen on new snow,
And swore my round, full throat would bring despair
To Venus or to Psyche.

Time and care
Will fade these locks. The merry god, I trow,
Uses no grizzled cords upon his bow."
How will it be when I, no longer fair,
Plead for his kiss with cheeks whence long ago
The early snowflakes melted quite away,
The rose leaf dead, and in whose sallow clay
Lies the deep sunken track of life's gaunt crow?

When this full throat shall wattle fold on fold,
Like some ripe peach left dying on a wall,
Or like a spent accordion, when all
Its music has exhaled, will love grow cold?
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A MARINE BATTLE.

An Exciting Contest In Which the Whale Vanquished His Enemies.

It happened on one occasion that we were cruising off the coast of Japan during a very successful season, and having just "cut in" a large "fish" were busy "trying out" the blubber. A violent commotion near the ship drew our attention from the work in hand, and for the next quarter of an hour we witnessed as tremendous a fight as old Homer himself could have wished to describe. Two "killers" and a huge swordfish (xiphias), desperate with hunger, had combined their forces and ventured to attack a half grown bull cachalot. Nothing, I am persuaded, but the direst necessity and pressure of want could have prompted them to undertake so grave a conflict, although it must needs be confessed that their combination was a powerful one.

It fell to the swordfish to lead off, and he launched himself at the whale like a whitehead torpedo, pointed direct for the most vital part. But a gentle swerve of the wary cachalot presented to the attack instead of the vulnerable broadside the oblique, impenetrable mass of the head. The awful blow of the sword, impelled by the furious speed of the mass behind it, struck just below the whale's eye, ripping a white streak diagonally upward through the grisly substance covering the skull, but spending its force in the air above, while the great body, following, glided serpentlike right over the whale's head and fell helplessly upon the other side. With incredible agility for so vast a bulk, the cachalot turned, settling slightly withal, then rising, lower jaw uppermost, he caught the xiphias fairly in the center between those might shears, and cleft him in two halves. A side way shake of the great head, a scarce perceptible gulp, and the tail half of that swordfish slid down the whale's cavernous throat with as much ease and rapidity as if it had been an oyster. Meanwhile, the orcas had not been remiss in supporting the spirited attack of their ill fated confautor. One hung upon either flank of their giant foe and worried him as dogs worry a boar.

But their time had come. After vainly endeavoring by rolling and writhing to free himself from them, he suddenly changed his tactics. Rearing himself majestically out of the seething eddies like a mighty column of black rock, he fell backward, tearing himself away from the clinging monsters. Up rose his enormous tail from the boiling vortex, and, descending like a gigantic scythe, literally crushed one of his aggressors beneath it, the blow reverberating like thunder. The survivor fled, but the infuriated Titan pursued, leaping, like a dolphin, half out of the sea at every bound, and although we could not see the end of the chase we had little doubt that Orca gladiator paid the full penalty of his rashness under the lethal sweep of those terrible jaws.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Victim of Curiosity.

A man to whom was given the name of George Brown was committed to the insane asylum by County Judge Northup of Portland recently. The case is one of the most peculiar that has come under the attention of the authorities for a long time. Jailer Resing found the man sitting on the curb at Third and Stark streets, and upon addressing him with a query as to his name and business, received in reply a torrent of abuse and profanity. Presuming the man was under the influence of liquor, the officer placed him under arrest on a charge of drunkenness. When taken to the station, the captain, as is usual, asked the prisoner his name. The question again loosened the floodgates of a marvelous stream of profanity, which could only be suppressed by placing the prisoner in a dark cell. When he had become quiet, he was transferred to the big cell with the other prisoners, and one of the latter asked his name. The calm countenance immediately changed again, and the usual bitter imprecations of the man were repeated. Each effort of the officers to learn his name always resulted in the same outburst.

He finally consented to talk, and told the officers a peculiar story. He said he was tormented by people asking him his name. In Brooklyn, where he formerly resided, he would occasionally come in contact with a man who would ask him his name, and to avoid these he went west. The first man on the car to speak to him was the conductor, who asked him his name. When at a hotel they would always ask him his name. On the road it was the same, no matter where he fled, and to crown his torment with the greatest wrong he was confined in jail to hear the question repeated. At the county jail he tore his garments into shreds one night.—Portland Oregonian.

Dubuque's Seal.

On the city seal of Dubuque, Ia., appear the words, "La petite nuit," and strangers always are puzzled by them. Why should Dubuque be called "the little night?" It is explained that the place originally was settled by an old miner named Dubuque. When the Indians granted certain lands to Dubuque, the document was drawn up in French at Prairie du Chien. The clerk who did the work believed that "la petite nuit" meant "the old miner," and his mistake has perpetuated a phrase which, however pretty, has no significance in its present connection.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Ancient Volcanic Center.

Recent investigations lead to the conclusion that in remote ages there was a volcanic center near the site of the present town of Rossland in British Columbia from which lava and ashes deluged the surrounding district.

Hoodooed.

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

"Yes, but they don't always get them. I know a man on a small salary who has proposed to seven rich girls."—Chicago Record.

CURES FOR INSOMNIA.

"Don't Keep Yourself Awake In Trying to Go Asleep," Is One.

One of the gastronomic magazines has an article giving some comprehensive directions regarding the cure of sleeplessness. It is sensible in admitting the complexity of a case of insomnia and of the doubts often connected with its origin. A man may apply all his own knowledge and that of his medical adviser and yet be unable for a time to overcome the tendency of the mind to drift along in helpless consciousness through the long hours of the night. But there must be a cause for this perverseness and a remedy for it, though the cure may not be found without a persevering quest. The American needs a full share of sleep. He works hard with brain and nerves and is apt to play as hard as he works. To lie in bed with the wheels of thought running on waste material is a sort of torture as well as a danger to health. Napoleon's faculty of going to sleep on the instant was one of the greatest advantages he had over the commanders on the other side.

According to the magazine authority, the worst enemies of sleep are worrying, overwork, overeating, indigestible suppers and the habitual use of stimulants and drugs. The cure includes strict attention to diet, a well ventilated sleeping room, some light exercise, like a walk an hour after the evening meal, and freedom, of course, from worry. Napoleon had as many cares and perplexities as the next man, but arbitrarily shut them off. It is not well to go to bed hungry. A cup of hot milk or a light sandwich is advised when that sensation is felt. Yet it is necessary to remember that insomnia and an overloaded stomach are closely acquainted. Stimulants and narcotics in the end are sleep destroyers. The condition they induce is not refreshing sleep. Sleepiness is an indication of the need of sleep, and must not be combated too far. People who sleep but little should not be permitted to disturb those who are differently constituted.

When the whole subject is weighed, the main remedy is seen to be good habits and a tranquil mind. Some who resolve to discard worry continue the habit over insomnia. They must be philosophical over that as well as all else. "Don't keep yourself awake in trying to get to sleep" is the injunction. It would be far better to revert to some mild abstraction such, for instance, as the many fine things that have been said of sleep.

Think of Leigh Hunt's definition of it as the time when the mysterious spirit goes to take its airy round; of Wordsworth's calling it a captive never wishing to be free; of Scott's advice to sleep in peace and wake in joy, which necessarily involves good health and a good conscience; of Bulwer's tribute to "the happiest of earthly boons;" of Milton nodding under the timely dew of sleep, and of Emerson's thought that "Sleep lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir tree." The right frame of mind and body is the cure for insomnia.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Man, the Wife, the Dress.

A man stood in the middle of an aisle in a Broadway dry goods store one day last week. He looked disconsolate. At a nearby counter his wife was making purchases. Suddenly the man's face lighted up, and he took a step forward and extended his hand to another man who had appeared around a counter.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "has your wife brought you to this too?"

"Yes," said the other man. "I told her she could have a new dress, and nothing would do but I must come and pick out all the material. She's done all the selecting so far, and the only time I made an objection I got sat on."

"Say," said the first man, assuming a confidential air, "you've been married five years and I've been married only one. Now just tell me if anything like this ever happened to you. My wife wanted a dress, a kind of potato sack stuff, which is transparent enough to make it worth while to put expensive silk under it. She bought all the material and a lot of ribbons. Then she hired a dressmaker and for two days they've been at it. This morning my wife said to me: 'You must come down to the store with me this morning. We underestimated a little on my dress and must get some more ribbon.' I came, and the first thing she did was to buy 80 yards of black, white and green ribbon. It took my breath away. When I recovered, I said, 'Did you underestimate that much?' 'Oh, that's not all,' she said. 'We must get 12 yards more of black braid and 3 yards of taffeta.' That's silk, you know. Well, I got into an argument with her, maintaining that it was impossible for anybody to underestimate 80 yards on ribbon, let alone the other things. She won't speak to me now. She just gave me a look, and said, 'Oh, you needn't pay for it; mother will.' Now, isn't it absurd for anybody to say that she underestimated 80 yards of ribbon?"

"It does seem foolish," said the other man, "but for heaven's sake when the dress is done don't say you can't imagine where all the ribbon is. You can bet it's all there.—New York Sun.

Love Wrought It.

A century since in the north of Europe stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden until one day the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and cares, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof.

One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvelous face which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said: "This is the grandest work of all. Love wrought this!"—Humanitarian.

Something About Forks.

Before the revolution in France it was customary when a gentleman was invited to dinner for him to send his servants with a knife, fork and spoon, or if he had no servants, he carried them with him in his pocket. A few of the ancient regime follow the custom. The peasantry of the Tyrol and parts of Germany generally carry a case in their pockets containing a knife, fork and spoon.

NOT THE ONLY ONE

There are Hundreds of Portsmouth People Similarly Situated.

Can there be any stronger proof offered than the evidence of Portsmouth residents. After you have read the following quietly answer the question.

Mr. George W. Lord of 44 Congress street, says:—"Occasionally I had an attack of lame back and pain in the loins. The last was caused from simply moving a small stand as I was retiring for the night. I felt it all through me, causing a sort of nausea, a disagreeable sensation in the head, tenderness over the loins, backache and trouble with the kidney secretions. At first the pain was acute, then it settled down to a dull grinding ache. I happened to read something about Doan's Kidney Pills. The recommendations were so positive and the representations were so convincing I concluded to try them and went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got a box. I only took a few doses before they relieved me. The second night after taking them I was able to sleep soundly all the time. Soon I was quite free from the aching, lameness and other inconveniences."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

Drink Only The Purest

FINE OLD

Ky. Taylor

WHISKEY.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by None genuine without our signature both labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulant OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

For A Stylish Hitchout

— GO TO —

C. E. DEMPSEY'S STABLE,

Deer Street,

Or call him by telephone, 18—3, and he will send any team you want to your door.

Choice Horses,

Well Equipped Carriages

OLIVER W. HAM,

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

— AND —

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59—2.

More than Seventy Million of cigars sold in New England by the manufacturers of the

7-20-4

The best judges of tobacco admit it is the best 10c. cigar on the market. The Havana tobacco now being used gives extra fine flavor.

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by

FRED S. WENDELL, Deer and Market Sts.

J. H. SWETT, Bridge

R. G. SULLIVAN.

MANUFACTURER

Manchester, N. H.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

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FOR PORTSMOUTH

AND

PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news! Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1900.

Chairman Jones was 1,000 miles away, but he sneezed in less than two minutes after Richard Croker took snuff.

Bryan has been measured with his own yardstick and found to be about two feet and six inches too short.

There is a widespread suspicion that Richard Croker is simply making a chattering simian of one James K. Jones.

Mr. Bryan thinks the republican campaign is confessedly a failure. Mr. Bryan is at least having pleasant dreams.

Money talks, of course, but it isn't overtaxing its conversational powers in behalf of Bryan in the betting contest.

The Boers continue to furnish evidence of the fact that official notice of their pacification has not yet reached them

Ever and anon may be heard the rich bass voice of Webster Davis slamming itself against the thorny planks of the terrified octopus. Verily the combat deepens.

Lest we forget—"The gold standard," says W. J. Bryan, "is a conspiracy against the human race, and it won't last in this country any longer than I am able to get rid of it."

While the cuts of some of the candidates are fine, they lack the confident and self satisfied expression which one finds on the faces of the patent medicine doctors in the adjacent columns.

The intrinsic value of a silver dollar is now fifty cents cents. That it is worth a full hundred cents anywhere in this country and will buy just as much as a gold dollar is owing to republican legislation.

The Philippines will never be abandoned as long as grass grows and water runs, unless peace is restored. The American will not lower his colors and retreat even when ordered to do so, as long as an enemy is shooting at him.

The Bryanites tell us that any financial panic that might follow Bryan's election would be entirely owing to a mistaken imagination. But while we have the opportunity, would it not be quite as well to protect ourselves against the consequences of a mistaken imagination?

If Bryan will have it that we paid $2.50 each for the Philippines, for heaven's sake let him have it. Jefferson, his illustrious prototype, paid a great deal more than that per head for the illstarred inhabitants of the Louisiana territory, who were over ridden by the tyranny of imperialism. By all means let him have it.

INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.

Republican State Commitee Tells How to Mark Ballots.

The following instruction in relation to voting are sent out by the Republican state commitee:

CONCORD, N. H., OCT. 31, 1900.

To officers of Republican Clubs and Party Nominees:

It is exceedingly important that the Republicans of New Hampshire get their voters to the polls and equally so that they see that the votes are properly counted.

Your attention is earnestly called to Section 17 of the election laws of 1897 which requires that all names in a party column under the circle in which a mark has been made by the voter shall be "to the exclusion of all others" unless certain names are cancelled or erased.

A mark against the name of any candidate in any column must be treated as if no mark were made, unless the name of a similar candidate in the party column is cancelled or erased.

Section 18 provides that if voters vote for more names for any one office, than there are persons to be elected to such office, the vote shall not be counted This is intended only to cover cases where the name of the candidate in the party column has been properly erased and the names of two or more candidates for the same office in other columns are marked where only one can be voted for.

Where there is doubt of the voter's choice for any particular office, it is for a majority of the election officers present to determine whether it shall be counted or regarded as defective so far as that office is concerned.

If defective for any particular office it should be counted for all other offices but marked "defective" on the back by the moderator.

Any voter declaring that he is unable to mark his ballot for any reason, is entitled to have choice of either of the election officers detailed for the purpose of assisting such voters.

Very respectfully yours,
J. H. Gallinger,
Chairman.

Thomas F. Clifford, Secretary.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

ALL FOR McKINLEY.

The Country's Insurance Men Don't Relish Prospects of Calamity.

One indication of the way that the solid business men of the country are interested in the political situation is found in the November Insurance Topics, that able representative of the insurance world, which says:

A canvass of the officers of insurance companies of the United States by Insurance Topics shows that insurance men are almost unanimous in favor of Mr. McKinley for president. Up to the time of going to press we have received 398 votes for McKinley and 27 votes for Bryan.

Emphatic remarks were attached to some of the ballots returned, which are rather interesting. One company stated that its "president, vice president, secretary, and all the rest of us" are for McKinley. Another, that all its "officers and every employe in the home office are republicans." Another, that "there is not a single Bryan vote among eight voting clerks." "No Bryan men in this office," came from another. "The officers and all the clerks and the janitor," from another; "officers and entire official staff," "all clerks in our office," "all alike for McKinley," etc., etc.

One company added a postscript as follows: "You really don't expect to find any 'Bryanites' among insurance company officers, do you? If you do get any, their pictures would be a greater novelty than Bryan's or McKinley's.

Another company wrote that all of its 24 stockholders were for McKinley, and one company that "each and every officer from the president down, and in fact all the employes will vote for McKinley because we belive that it is for the best interest of financial institutions that he should be elected."

We congratulate Mr. McKinley on having the almost united support of the insurance fraternity in the coming election.

OBITUARY.

William H. Fernald.

William H. Fernald, one of Kittery's oldest residents, passed away at the home of his son, Albert Fernald at Bra' Boat harbor, Kittery Point, Sunday night, aged about eighty years. Mr. Fernald has been a sufferer for many years with consumption. He resided for many years on Old Ferry lane, near the Kittery Point bridge, but on the death of his wife, a few years ago, went to live with his son. He was a man of upright character, honest and for many years followed the sea for a livelihood. He is survived by two sons, Albert and Haven Fernald and one daughter, Mrs. George Newson.

TEN YEARS' FAITHFUL WORK.

Sunday marked the tenth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Lucius H. Thayer of the North church. Mr. Thayer, since his coming to this city, has done an immense amount of good work, not only in his parish, but also in the city in general. His sermon Sunday morning reviewed the past ten years' growth of the North church and the many changes that have taken place in Portsmouth during that time. At the close of the service he was heartily congratulated by his parishioners and scores of friends.

REPUBLICANS ATTENTION.

It is the duty of every republican to vote the straight ticket. It is dangerous to "cut" a ticket It is liable to be wrong and possibly your vote would be lost.

TALPY—LITTLEFIELD.

Very Pretty Wedding at Ogunquit at the Home of the Bride.

A very quiet, yet exceedingly pretty wedding occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oren Littlefield, Ogunquit, Me., Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 31st, at two o'clock, when their daughter, Helen Blanche, was united in marriage to Albert J. Talpy of Cape Neddick.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Nathaniel T. Ridlon, pastor of the Christian church. The parlor of the home was artistically arranged for the ceremony by decorations of a bank of evergreens, branches brightened with red berries, and potted ferns. The couple were unattended at the ceremony, and only the members of the families of the contracting parties and a few invited friends were present.

The bride was very becomingly dressed in a tailor made costume of castor covert cloth. After the ceremony and the customary congratulations, ices, fruits and assorted cakes were served. The wedding cake was presented to the bride by George W. Tuttle, manager of Somerset Inn, Bernardsville, N. J.

Their wedding gifts were numerous and valuable. Amid a shower of rice Mr. and Mrs. Talpy departed on the four o'clock train from York Beach and and will visit Boston and Concord and upon their return they will reside at York Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Talpy have the heartiest wishes for happiness and prosperity from a large number of friends. M.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of William F. Ham was held at the family residence on Maplewood avenue at eleven o'clock this morning. The services were private. The Rev. Robert L Duston, pastor of the Free Baptist church of Pearl street, conducted the rites for the dead. The musical selections were furnished by the choir of the church and were very appropriate and well rendered. Interment was in the family lot in Sagamore cemetery. The funeral director was Mr. O. W. Ham.

Advertise your business through the columns of the HERALD. It pays!

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, Nov. 4.—S. D. Remick, Boston for Bangor; Lillian, Weymouth, do.; steamer Harrisburg, Philadelphia for Boston; barge Monitor, Philadelphia; tug Piscataqua, barge Eliot, Boston for Eliot; tug Walnam, Portland for Philadelphia; tug George W. Hunt, Rockland, towing barges Raymond and Richmond for New London.

Sailed, Nov. 4—Tug Piscataqua towing barges York and Berwick for Boston; barge Gibson for Philadelphia.

The Bridal Feast

Is not infrequently followed by a long, lenten period of enforced fasting and fleshly mortification. The cheek grows hollow, the eyes are dull and deep ringed, and the step is slow and languid. There is an "all dragged-out feeling," which makes life an utter burden. The great functional changes which follow marriage are not usually anticipated, or the wifely suffering might be avoided.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best friend of weak and sickly women. It cures the womanly diseases that rob the eye of brightness and the step of lightness. It tones up the system and establishes the womanly organism on a basis of sound health.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotics. Accept no substitute. There is no other medicine "just as good" for weak and sickly women.

"I had been a great sufferer from female weakness for about two years," writes Mrs. Emma Richardson, of Goss, Wayne Co., Ky. "Could not do my work part of the time. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and felt as well as I ever did."

Young married women will find a lasting friend in Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. It contains 1008 pages and is sent *free* (in paper cover), on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Cloth binding, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A WAR INCIDENT.

The Lieutenant Didn't Forget the Kindness Done by a Brother Mason.

Among the prisoners taken by the Union troops at the time Pickett made his great charge at Gettysburg was a Virginia sergeant. He was a Mason. Captain John A. Kellogg of the Sixth Wisconsin gave him a drink of something reviving from his canteen and put some rations in his empty haversack. Their parting was that of brothers.

In December, 1864, when Kellogg was a colonel commanding his regiment, I accompanied him on a ride along the picket line a few miles to the left of Petersburg. By some means, and without knowing it, we got between the picket lines. We were brought to a halt suddenly by the following unmilitary salutation:

"Is that you, Captain Kellogg?"

Looking up, and about two rods to the right, we saw a lieutenant and a dozen men in gray who had apparently just taken their arms in preparation for serious business.

"That's my name, sir," answered the colonel.

"Beg pardon, Colonel Kellogg. You were a captain at Gettysburg. Allow me to extend congratulations upon your promotion."

It was becoming interesting, and both of us were making plans for a shooting match between a dozen Johnny pickets with guns in their hands and two officers who had only revolvers, and they not in hand.

"Guess you don't remember me, colonel."

"I guess that is so," said Kellogg, and he was more nervous than I ever saw him in battle.

"I'm the sergeant you gave a nip from your canteen and whose haversack you filled at Gettysburg. They have made me a lieutenant since then. I'd like to have a visit with you, but the officer of the day is due here. Guess you had better get back to your lines."

"Thank you, lieutenant," said the colonel, saluting, and as we turned to leave the Confederate gave the command: "Shoulder arms! Right dress! Present arms!" Then both of us lifted our hats. There was fraternity for you!—Chicago Times-Herald.

HUNGER AS A MOTIVE.

It Is One of the Mainsprings of Progress In Human Affairs.

The rowels of nature's most powerful spur, hunger, are continually reddening the flanks of the primitive community. The apostle's scathing arraignment of the Cretans, "whose god is their belly," would literally apply to every savage tribe and many a civilized one. Hunger is one of the mainsprings of progress. At its imperative command the flint was chipped into the arrowhead, the dart, the spear. In its honor the net was woven, the hoe was made and the soil broken. To appease its cravings the wild bull is broken to the yoke, the forests are felled, the ditch is dug through the marsh.

On its errands the ship is launched on the perilous deep and the band sent out upon the warpath. Into its service have been impressed the winds of heaven, the steam wreaths of the caldron and the glittering shafts of the lightning. It is the real Aladdin's lamp of civilization. The ceaseless westward flow of the human stream and the march of the "star of empire" have been at the behest of its genii. Whether it be born of a barren soil and a cruel sky or of the pressure of overpopulation, it has played a leading part in molding the destinies of the nations.

In the fall of every world empire from Assyria to Rome the conquering race has invariably come from the mountainous or barren land, or from a sterner sky.

And still today the nations of the bleakest belt of the temperate zone, where the struggle with soil and climate is severest, the Scotch, the English, the Dutch and the North Germans, are overrunning the whole of the inhabitable globe and bid fair to far outdo Alexander by more peaceable and far more stable means.—Monist.

Proceedings Against a Pig.

The animal which most frequently came before the criminal courts was the pig. At Mesnil St. Denis, near Paris, there still exists a spot called Truye Pendue, after a sow which was once hanged there for killing an infant, and about 20 similar cases are recorded in France alone by different writers. Thus in 1386 the magistrates of Falaise condemned a pig to have its snout and one leg cut off and then to be hanged for having killed an infant and eaten part of its face and arm. The pig was executed in the market place dressed in human apparel, and the executioner received ten deniers and a new glove as his fee.

The following is the statement of expenses sent to the bailiff of Mantes in March, 1403, for the execution of a sow which had killed a baby:

For her expenses while in jail. 6 sols, Parisian
Item, to the hangman who came from Paris to make said execution ..... 24 sols
Item, for the cart which took her to the gallows..... 6 sols
Item, for cords to tie and drag her ..... 2 sols 8 deniers
Item, for gloves ..... 2 deniers

In all these cases the animal was duly arrested, imprisoned, tried and condemned with every legal formality.—Cornhill Magazine.

Bold Bowser and the Rat.

Bowser is a Washington dog.

Bowser saw a rat in front of a Capital City hotel the other day. He went after the rodent, and both pursued and pursued suddenly disappeared.

The rat had taken to a sewer opening under the curbstone. The dog had followed.

The plunge involved a descent of about 40 feet into the sewer's main line, and an ordinary dog would have found the fall fatal. Not this one.

Bowser's master and others located the dog under a manhole. A tin can was lowered on a hook and rope. Bowser climbed into the can and was pulled out. He had the rat in his mouth, and, dropping it at his master's feet, he went to look for another.—Philadelphia Record.

Perspiration.

Human perspiration, if injected into dogs or rabbits, acts like a deadly poison, according to M. Arloing's experiments. Perspiration secreted during hard muscular work has more toxic power than the ordinary kind, while that obtained from subjects whose secretion has been checked by cold is very poisonous.

In Russia teachers are none too well paid. At a scholastic meeting some one proposed the toast, "Long live our school teachers!" "What on?" asked a cadaverous looking specimen rising in his seat.

As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities.—Froude.

Weak, Nervous, Run Down People.

AT LAST A POSITIVE CURE.

Help is at hand. No sufferer need longer despair. Old Dr Hallock's Wonderful Electric Pills cure permanently and quickly. They go to the root of the trouble, namely, the nerve centres, and give new life, new energy, new red blood and make a new person. Thousands of sufferers thank the day they aought the first box of these wonderful bills.

Have You These Symptoms?

Are you nervous? Are you fidgety? Are you irritable? Are you changeable in your moods? Is your appetite capricious? Does your mind wander? Do you change your mind often on the same subject? Is it hard for you to concentrate your mind on any one subject? Are you fretful? Are you sleepless? Do you have flashes of cold or heat? Are you troubled at times with palpitation? Do you have cold sweats? Do you have spells in which you surely think you are going to die? Do you have strange, roaring, buzzing sounds in your ears? Do you suffer from Paralysis, Sciatica, Locomotor Ataxia?

If you have these symptoms, Dr Hallock's Wonderful Electric Pills for weak, worn-out, nervous people should be used at once. They will positively restore you to perfect health, and give a buoyant spirit with nerves of steel and completely cure all of above symptoms.

Sold at all wholesale and retail drug stores, $1 per box, or 6 boxes, sufficient to cure most obstinate cases, $5, and by Wm. D. Grace, 14 Market Square, Portsmouth, N. H., or sent direct from laboratory, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

FREE TREATMENT.

To prove the merits of our remedies we will send by mail a five days' treatment, with medical advice, free of charge, on receipt of 10 cents to pay postage and expenses. Send for a trial treatment today. Address HALLOCK DRUG CO., 110 Court st., Boston, Mass.

TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind,
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loath
On thee he leaves.
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves.
Some fears, a soft regret
For joys scarce known,
Sweet looks we half forget—
All else is flown!

Ah, with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time.

—New York Ledger.

A LOST ALASKAN MINE.

Searching For Hidden Millions In the Dreary Yukon Country.

Five million dollars in nuggets and an inexhaustible mine of fabulous richness will be the reward of the prospector who can find the lost Golden mountain in northern Alaska. Such at least is the report current among the miners along the Yukon and its tributaries, says a Sioux City correspondent. The story may be a myth or it may be literally true. No one seems to know for a certainty, and so many lives have been lost in the effort to establish its truth or falsity that investigators are growing somewhat chary of entering on the search. Mark Hamilton, a Yukon miner in 1891 and 1892, thus told the legend:

"Away back, before Alaska passed out of Russian hands," he says, "a party started up the Koyokuk river, a tributary of the Yukon. The members wanted to learn all they could concerning the topography of the country, its mineral resources and the various tribes by which it was inhabited. They were picking up furs, too, and looking for any little snaps on which they might stumble in the way of Indian trading. Alaska was not known then, as it is now, as a gold country; still it was understood that gold was occasionally found, and the explorers kept their eyes open for any chance sight of the precious metal. About half way up the north fork of the Yukon they branched off to the west and somewhere between the north fork and the Arctic ocean, no one knows just where, came to a small mountain, the base of which was literally honeycombed with veins of rich gold bearing ore.

"Such at least is the story. I don't vouch for its truth. It is said that $5,000,000 worth of nuggets were picked up in a few weeks almost on the surface of the ground. By this time the winter season was beginning to set in, and the prospectors concluded they had better strike for the southern settlements. Traveling was so difficult and the party so small—it numbered only six or seven—that the greater part of the treasure was cached near the camp and only enough packed for transportation to convince settlers in the south of the richness of the deposits. It was expected to return the next summer with a stronger party and work the lead for all it was worth.

"What became of that party after it left the mountain no one knows. It was never seen again. Inquiry made by the Russian authorities when the explorers failed to return on schedule time developed from the Indians the story given above."

Millais and Burne-Jones.

An Englishman who has long been familiar with artists and their doings in London was speaking of the phenomenal success achieved by Philip Burne-Jones' grewsome picture, "The Vampire," which inspired some remarkable verses by Kipling. "I remember," he said," when Phil was a mere boy, just entering the profession, rather stuck up and banking a good deal on his father's success. Millais was then even more than now especially famous for his work as a portrait painter. One day Millais met the young student and said, 'Well, Phil, so I hear you're going to be a great artist like your father.' 'Oh, no,' replied Phil, 'only a portrait painter.' Millais used to love to tell the story, appreciating the joke on himself."

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles F. Cole, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, N. C.; Willis Mathes, V. C.; Robert M. Herrick, H. P.; Charles W. Ham, V. H.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George P. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each moth, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R., H. E Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 3, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richardson, V. C.; Fred Joslyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodssum, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, T. S.; J W. Marden, I.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas Harrold, Elan.; Joseph Walch, I. P.; Wm. P. Gardner, O. P.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—George W. French, N. G.; A. G. Stimpson, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas. Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. Al brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

Enamel
Patent Calf
Vici Kid
and
Box Calf

TRADE MARK $3.50 THE PATRICIAN SHOE

Fit
Style
Service
The Trinity
Excellence of

AT

DUNCAN'S SHOE STORE

No. 5 Market Street.

THE LATEST STYLES FOR LADIES.

SUMMER HOTELS OF MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHERE TO GO FOR AN OUTING,

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW,

HAMPTON BEACH,

Where you get the famous

FISH DINNERS.

Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.

JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor

The Famous

HOTEL WHITTIER,

Open the Entire Year.

Favorite stopping place for Portsmouth people.

If you are on a pleasure drive you cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.

OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor.

COAL AND WOOD,

C. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchan

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

Office cor. Sta and Water Sts

H. W. NICKERSON,

LICENSED EMBALMER

— AND —

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement, in Effect Oct. 8

Trains leave Portsmouth

For Boston, 3 50, 7 20, 8 15, 1 53 a m, 2 21, 5 00, 7 28 p m. Sunday, 3 50, 8 00 a m, 2 21, 5 00 p m.

For Portland, 9 55, 10 45 a m, 2 45, 8 50, 7 20, p m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 45 a m, 8 55 p m

For Wells Beach, 9 55 a m, 2 45, 5 22 p m. Sunday, 8 30 a m

For Old Orchard and Portland, 9 55 a m, 2 45, 5 22 p m. Sunday, 8 30 a m.

North Conway, 9 55 a m, 2 45 p m.

For Somersworth, 4 50, 9 45, 9 55, a m, 2 40, 2 45, 5 22, 5 30 p m.

For Rochester, 9 45, 9 55 a m, 2 40, 2 45, 5 22, 5 30 p m.

For Dover, 4 50, 9 45 a m, 12 20, 2 40, 5 22, 8 52 p m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 48 a m, 8 57 p m.

For North Hampton and Hampton, 7 20, 8 15, 10 53 a m, 5 00 p m. Sunday, 8 00 a m, 5 00 p m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston, 7 30, 9 00, 10 10, a m, 12 30, 3 30, 4 45, 7 00, 7 45 p m. Sunday, 4 30, 8 20, 9 00 a m, 6 40, 7 00 p m.

Leave Portland, 2 00, 9 00 a m, 12 45, 6 00 p m. Sunday, 2 00 a m, 12 45 p m.

Leave North Conway, 7 25 a m, 4 15 p m.

Leave Rochester, 7 19, 9 47 a m, 3 50, 6 25 p m. Sunday, 7 00 a m.

Leave Somersworth, 6 35, 7 32, 10 00 a m, 4 05, 6 39 p m.

Leave Dover, 6 50, 10 24 a m, 1 40, 4 30, 6 30, 9 25 p m. Sunday, 7 30 a m, 9 25 p m.

Leave Hampton, 9 22, 11 53 a m, 2 13, 4 59, 6 16 p m. Sunday, 6 26, 10 06 a m, 8 09 p m.

Leave North Hampton, 9 28, 11 59 a m, 2 19, 5 05, 6 21 p m. Sunday, 6 30, 10 12 a m, 8 15 p m.

Leave Greenland, 9 35 a m, 12 05, 2 25, 5 11, 6 27 p m. Sunday, 6 35, 10 18 a m, 8 29 p m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth, 8 30 a m, 12 45 5 25 p m.

Greenland Village, 8 39 a m, 12 54, 5 33 p m.

Rockingham Junction, 9 07 a m, 1 07 5 58 p m.

Epping, 9 22 a m, 1 21, 6 14 p m.

Raymond, 9 32 a m, 1 32, 6 25 p m.

Returning leave

Concord, 7 45, 10 25 a m, 3 30 p m.

Manchester, 8 30, 11 10 a m, 4 20 p m.

Raymond, 9 10, 11 48 a m, 5 02 p m.

Epping, 9 22 a m, 12 00 m, 5 15 p m.

Rockingham Junction, 9 47 a m, 12 17, 5 53 p m.

Greenland Village, 10 01 a m, 12 29, 6 06 p m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

☞Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Y. H. & B. R. R.

Leave Portsmouth, 8 40 10 50 a m, 2 50, 5 50 p m.

Leave York Beach, 6 25, 10 00 a m, 1 30, 4 05 p m

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Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Kittery, making close connection with the electric cars.

Ferry leaves P. K. & Y. landing, Portsmouth, for Kittery, Kittery Point, Sea Point, York Corner, York Village, York Harbor and York Beach—6 55, 7 25, 7 55, 8 25, 8 55, 9 25, 9 55, 10 25, 10 55, 11 25, 11 55 a m, 12 25, 12 55, 1 25, 1 55, 2 25, 2 55, 3 25, 3 55, 4 25, 4 55, 5 25, 5 55, 6 25, 6 55, 7 25, 7 55, 8 25, 8 55, 9 25, 9 55, 10 25, 10 55 p m.

Car leaves Sea Point for Portsmouth—7 00, 7 30, 8 00, 8 30, 9 00, 9 30, 10 00, 10 30, 11 00, 11 30 a m, 12 00, 12 30, 1 00, 1 30, 2 00, 2 30, 3 00, 3 30, 4 00, 4 30, 5 00, 5 30, 6 00, 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 8 00, 8 30, 9 00, 9 30, 10 00, 10 30, 11 30 p m.

Car leaves York Beach for Portsmouth—5 45, 6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30, 10 30, 11 30 a m, 12 30, 1 30, 2 30, 3 30, 4 30, 5 30, 6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30, 10 30 p m.

Sunday time same as on week days, except that the first boat leaves ferry landing, Portsmouth, at 7 55 a m, and first car leaves York Beach at 7 30 a m.

For special and extra cars address

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U. S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132.

GOVERNMENT BOAT,

FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leave Portsmouth, *8.10, 8 30, 8.50, 9 30, 11.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.55 2.15, 3 30, 4 30, 5 00, 6.00, †10 00 p. m. Sundays 10.07, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.00 m.

Leave Navy Yard, *8 00, 8 20, 8 40, 9 15, 10.00, 11 45 a. m., 1.45, 2.05, 3 00, 4 00, 4.45, 5.15, †7.30 p. m. Sundays 10.00, 10.15 a. m, 12 00 m., 12.30 p. m Holidays, 9.40, 10.30, 11 30 a. m.

*May 1st until October 1st

†Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

MEXICO'S WILD HOG.

He Is the Most Vicious and Fearless of the Brute Creation.

"The most vicious and fearless of the brute creation is the peccary, or wild hog of Mexico," said C. W. Bartlett of Laredo, Tex. "This animal seems utterly devoid of the emotion of fear. I have never seen it turn a hair's breadth out of its path for any living thing. Man is its special bete noir. It displays an intelligence in fighting the human strangely at variance with its apparently complete lack of any mental attributes save the very lowest order of instinct. They are rarely found singly, but go in droves of from a hundred to thousands. Their ability to scent men is particularly marked. I have known a drove of them to scent a man a mile off and strike as straight for him as the arrow flies. There is no use to try to frighten them with guns. The cannonading of a full battery would have no more effect on them than the popping of a firecracker. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you. And then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse, and their endurance is as great as their viciousness.

"A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago and his escape was miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree. The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled around the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his ammunition, and brought down a peccary at each fire. But this had no terrors for the beasts. Along toward morning the brutes began to eat the ones he had killed, and when they thus satisfied the cravings of their stomachs they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour, they would have guarded that tree until my friend, through sheer exhaustion, dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal off him. The wildcats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path."—St. Louis Republic.

A FINE DISPLAY OF ART.

American Sculpture as Shown in the Library of Congress.

Upon the whole it may almost be said that the sculptors appear in the library to greater advantage than the painters. Not, of course, that the art of sculpture is so successfully cultivated in America as the art of painting, but that the library presents a more adequate exposition of what we can do in sculpture than in painting. It is indeed the first collective exhibit in durable form of the work of American sculptors that has ever been made. There is no American sculptor who is conspicuous by his absence, whereas there are American painters whom the observer will miss and others whom he will encounter with more or less regret. The bronze doors of Warner set a standard at the threshold to which it would be too much to hope that all the interior sculpture should conform. And yet those who know American sculpture best will probably be most surprised at the success with which the sculptural adornment of the great rotunda has been managed—at the appropriateness, alike architectural and symbolical, of the eight austere figures of the pendentives, at the dignity and the force of the portrait statues. Not that even here there are not some works which appeal for attention by a provincial eccentricity.

The more strictly decorative modeling, which still has sculptural pretensions, one cannot praise so highly. The fertility of the modeler of it is so astonishing that it would be contrary to nature if it were not largely reminiscent. Reminiscent or not, the aspiring bronze figures that form the finials of the novel pests in the vestibule are extremely effective. But the flying figures which hold the tablets over the allegorical statues and which fill the spandrils by the simple expedient of kicking backward into them, are pretty blandly incongruous with the sober and monumental richness which is the character of the great rotunda and which is very powerfully enhanced by the allegorical statues of the pendentives and the portrait statues of the marble screens.—Montgomery Schuyler in Scribner's.

Saving For Old Age.

No one denies that it is wise to make a provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight. Yes, save money, by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of till he is 70, and then, how much he will want it! It's curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at 20 may intensify the rheumatism of threescore. It is a fact that overtasking the eyes at 14 may necessitate the aid of spectacles at 40, instead of 80. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good with regard to health as to money—"Waste not, want not."

It is the greatest mistake to suppose that any violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error. She lets off the offender for 50 years sometimes, but she catches him at last and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save knowledge, save the recollection of good deeds and innocent pleasures; save pure thoughts, save friends, save love; save the stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish nor death take away.—Exchange.

Diamonds and Light.

Professor William Crookes, in a lecture in London recently, called attention to the fact that when diamonds are placed in a vacuum and exposed to a current of electricity they shine with different colored lights. He has seen them emit bright blue, pale blue, apricot, red, yellowish green, pale green and orange rays. One beautiful green diamond in his collection, when phosphorescing in a good vacuum, gives almost as much light as a candle. The light is pale green, almost white.

Not Kids.

Tommie—Auntie, mamma bought me a pair of gloves today.

Auntie—Did she, Tommie? What are they—kids?

Tommie—No, indeed. They're men's.—Harper's Bazar.

Appropriate.

A woman had the nerve to ask for a seat for her dog in the Empire theater the other night. The manager promptly furnished a coupon for "K9."—Exchange.

OBTAINED GOOD PAY.

The Man Who Received a City For His Wages Was Sulky at First.

Probably no workman ever felt less satisfied with his pay at the time than did Nicholas Sparks when he received a deed of the land on which a large part of Ottawa is now built. The deed was given in lieu of money due for wages.

Sparks was a native of Woburn, Mass. Having pioneer instincts, he had pushed up into the less settled parts of Canada and obtained employment with a man named Wright on the northern shore of the Ottawa river, at a point known as the Gatineau. The city of Ottawa was destined to be built on the southern shore, nearly opposite, but there was yet no evidence of the flourishing capital city of Canada. Sparks worked for his employer for some months, but, not receiving his wages to his satisfaction, he decided to make a change. He was obliged to accept for compensation a deed of a tract of land on the south side of the Ottawa river. The deed was taken reluctantly as being the best that could be done under the circumstances.

It happened, however, that just about this time some activity began to be manifest along the southern bank of the river. The British government had commissioned Colonel By to construct for military purposes a canal which should join the Ottawa river with the great lakes. The point where this canal was to be cut was within the land deeded to Sparks. Operations on the canal brought together a large number of workmen, and a settlement soon sprang up, which assumed the proportions of a town. This settlement was called By Town, after the engineer who had the work in charge. By this time Sparks found himself fairly prosperous, as he was able to sell small parcels of his land to the new settlers at a very good profit.

By Town continued to grow and prosper until its crowning honor came to it when the British government, noticing the beauty and security of its inland position, selected the site for the capital of the newly confederated Canadian provinces. The name was changed to Ottawa, and the place grew rapidly into a large and handsome city, as it is at present. Nicholas Sparks lived to see all these changes. Some of the fine government buildings were erected upon the land deeded to him. The finest residences and business blocks are upon the land the title of which is derived from Sparks. The principal street in the city is called Sparks street. Before he died the old man's wealth had become very great. He was quite illiterate, and it was a laborious process for him to sign his name. But his descendants form one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in Canada. It is one of the many romances of wealth on this continent.—Washington Post.

A WASTED SEARCH.

The Milkman and the Pennies That Commanded a Premium.

Thirty years and more ago the statement was current in the newspapers of the country that a handsome premium was offered for pennies of the year 1857. Just how the item started nobody knew, but once published it traveled fast. The Cleveland Herald copied the paragraph and in a jocose way added a line or two to it. The editor stated that, considerable doubt having been thrown upon the truth of the item, The Herald, in order to set the minds of its readers at rest on the subject, was prepared and willing to pay $5 for 1857 pennies if delivered at The Herald building in good condition.

One of the earliest callers at The Herald building the next morning was a milkman, wearing a long linen coat with sagging pockets. He was excited and talked fast, and his linen coat pockets sent forth a sound of merry jingling. He didn't stop at the counting room, but hustled up stairs to the editorial sanctum.

"I seen that piece you had in the paper last night," he hastily began, "I mean the one about givin $5 for 1857 pennies. Is it all right?"

"Yes," said the man addressed. "It's all right."

"Well," cried the milkman, struggling hard to keep down his exuberance, "I've got a lot of 'em here." And he made his sagging pockets jingle again.

"Have you got 1857 of them?" inquired The Herald man quietly.

The milkman stared, his jaw dropped, he turned and fled to the door and went down the stairs three steps at a jump, his linen coattails slapping the walls with a metallic crash at every jump.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Name Was Norvell.

"The office of postmaster of Detroit was held in the early days with fierce tenacity by James Abbott, a Whig," remarked an attorney. "Abbott was postmaster from 1806 to 1831 and had control of the original office on Woodward avenue. Despite numerous strong efforts to remove him, he held on firmly in the face of the most powerful opposition and had begun to assume proprietary airs when the appointment was given to John Norvell, Democrat. Mr. Norvell, who was a United States senator from Michigan from 1835 to 1841, had a delightful sense of humor, and when he walked into the postoffice with his commission he struck a pose and began:

"'My name is Norvell'—

"Mr. Abbott didn't wait to hear anything about the Grampian hills. He jumped from the official chair he had warmed so long and strode indignantly from the building. Nor was he ever seen around the office from that day. For a long time after that 'My name is Norvell' was quite a familiar quotation in Detroit."—Detroit Free Press.

A Tidy Housewife.

Mr. Flattenam (who has been attempting to shave himself)—Quick, Arabella, fetch me a towel or something. I've nearly cut my throat, and it's bleeding terribly!

Mrs. Flattenam—Oh, Harry, how inconsiderate of you—bleeding on the bedroom carpet, when I've told you not to shave anywhere but in the bathroom!—London Fun.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va., writes: "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among severe cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy." Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. Philbrick's pharmacy.

A THEORY THAT FAILED.

Taking Time by the Forelock Was the Cause of Her Troubles.

"Never talk to me about 'taking time by the forelock' or any of that nonsense again," ejaculated the girl who is always in a hurry to a friend who holds serenity to be the most valuable of virtues. "If ever again I try to get anywhere before too late, I hope I'll have just such another time as I did today. Tell you about it, indeed! Why else do you suppose I would have come to see you? If I hadn't followed your advice I shouldn't have had such an awful time.

"To begin with. I obeyed your suggestion and got up at 5 o'clock. Talk of early rising adding to one's chances of success! It made me so sleepy that I was positively cross by breakfast time, and as for studying, all I could do was to wonder when in the world that tardy meal would be ready and whether there'd be enough of it when it did come, and I've had a headache all day from eating too much.

"Then I hurried down town—no, I didn't hurry, I dawdled, as you said, but I got there long before any one else, just the same. Waited around in idleness for an hour or two, missed all the good bargains, because I hadn't stopped to read the morning papers, and never saw a single person I wanted to. I suppose they weren't up. When I got home, I found that by starting away so early I'd managed to miss the man I most wanted to see—Archie, you know, and I just know he'd come to ask me to go to the theater—and he'd spent half the morning across the street with that horrid Maria Jones. I went early to the club and missed Henry Fellows, who called to drive me there, went home to dinner promptly, and was just early enough to have to help get it ready, since our cook had gone to bed with a headache, and burned my face until it was a sight.

"Then I thought I might as well follow the rest of your directions and go to bed early, and I did—just early enough to have my hair all damp and stringy—I was going to curl it with kids, you know—when callers came. I had to send word down that I'd got a horrible cold of course, and now I discover that they wanted me to go camping with them, and I missed it all because I tried to do things in good time. Good time indeed! Bad time, I call it. And if ever you mention such a thing as taking time by the forelock to me again I'll never speak to you as long as we both live."—Exchange.

Administering Justice Off the Bench.

"Imaginative story tellers take a good many liberties with that individual in our judicial system known as the justice of the peace," said the judge who now holds his title without the office, "but here's a true one:

"Up in Wisconsin during the earlier days I helped elect a justice who was a diamond in the rough. He was peculiarly innocent of legal knowledge, but he had a fine sense of right and wrong with an inclination to be fair in all his official acts. I told him how he must protect the dignity of his court and the powers he had to punish for contempt. He must restrain himself, for he was a man of temper and pugnacity, and he must insist upon proper decorum on the part of others.

"On one occasion we were having an exciting trial, and a typical western lawyer was very obstreperous. He was admonished several times by the justice, but was persistently ugly, and finally intimated that the court would be a good deal more at home if he were digging a ditch or breaking up a patch of prairie land. The justice was breathing forth dire threatenings and big oaths when I caught his eye and shook my hand. At once the dignity of his place asserted itself. He straightened back in his chair, read himself a severe lecture for his unseemly conduct and fined himself $10 for contempt. Then he solemnly adjourned court and walked out into the yard, where he was followed by all present. He shucked his coat, handed his hat to me, and in a minute the saucy lawyer had been treated to as artistic a whipping as was ever administered by an amateur. The court reconvened, and we quietly finished the case."—Detroit Free Press.

A Kansas Town.

Chiefly by reason of its newness and of a certain cosmopolitan aspect, says William Allen White in The Atlantic, the Kansas town differs from villages elsewhere in the United States, and presents a few interesting variations from the common type. The largest town in the commonwealth has hardly 40,000 inhabitants. Most of the county seats in the eastern half of the state, where the rainfall is copious and where crops are bountiful and regular, contain about 3,000 persons each. The county seat is in the strictest sense a country town. The inhabitants live almost entirely upon the tributary country. There are no factories. The money that the farmers of the county spend for food, clothing, fuel and the comforts of the farm home is the cash capital upon which the town does its business. This capital is passed from the grocers to the clothing merchants, to the druggists, to the furniture dealers, to the hardware sellers and to professional men. In the older communities of the eastern and middle states necessity has developed factories, which convert raw material into finished products, and money from the outside world comes in, but Kansas is yet hardly a generation old, and it has not entered the manufacturing era of industry.

Caterpillar Lace.

The beautiful lace known as fayal is made from the fibers in the leaves of the bitter aloe—grown in the Azores, or Western islands—a relative of the common century plant.

This lace is manufactured by women, but the necessary skill is so rarely attained that there are but 25 persons on the islands that can make it.

Caterpillars have been made to spin lace veils from the leaves of plants by the ingenious contrivance of a gentleman of Munich.

He makes a paste of the plant that is the usual food of the caterpillar, and spreads it thinly over a stone or other flat surface. Then with a camel's hair pencil dipped in olive oil he draws upon the coating of paste the pattern he wishes the insect to leave open.

The stone being placed in an inclined position, the caterpillars are put at the bottom, and the animals eat and spin their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring the rest of the plant.—Philadelphia Times.

A Rank Offense.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?" she asked.

The colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied with every evidence of offended dignity:

"Madam, I command a regiment."—Chicago Post.

SONG.

Fame is but a phantom fair,
Gold's but fit for buying;
Love abides without a care,
Coveting nor sighing.

Life's a year whose hours fly,
Swiftly past recalling;
Soon beneath its wintry sky
Snows of age are falling.

Dearer then than fame or gold
Cometh love caressing;
Glorifies the humblest fold,
Life's divinest blessing.

Woe that bides with each turn
Yields to Love's appealing:
Poor the souls that dembly yearn,
Lacking Love's revealing.

He's the king who holds a heart
Close beside him beating,
Feeling Love the better part,
Fame nor gold entreating.
—Frank Putnam in National Magazine.

A GAME OF CHESS WITH LASKER.

First Meeting of a New York Man With the Expert In London.

"I was in London several years ago transacting some business for the United States government," said a New York business man. "I had to have a good deal of typewriting done and used to take it to a young woman who had an office in the Strand. Near by there was then, and probably is now, a chess club. It was a bohemian sort of resort and was much frequented by foreign players of the game. I had often heard of the place and that strangers were welcome, so one day while waiting for some typewriting to be finished I went up stairs to the place.

"Shortly after I had entered and was glancing around to familiarize myself with the surroundings a dark young man came up and bowing pleasantly accosted me in broken English. He said that he saw I was a stranger, but that all such were more than welcome there and offered to escort me around the place. He asked me if I played chess, and I replied that I was a member of the New York Chess club, though by no means an expert at the game.

"He then asked me if I would like to play and offered himself as an opponent, saying that as I deemed myself a novice he would handicap himself by playing without the queen. I replied that I would gladly play, but would not accept any odds at first, but that after we had played a few games together he could judge of my ability and we could easily arrange what handicap I should have.

"He sat down at one of the tables and put the men in position on one of the big boards. These boards and chessmen, by the way, have been in use for more than a hundred years, and some of the pieces are so worn that in some cases, despite their size, it is difficult to distinguish a castle from a bishop. I had the white men and started out with one of the regulation openings.

"After a few moves had been made by each of us I noticed something peculiar about his play. He certainly had managed so that he was now on the offensive, but in one or two instances where he might have moved so as to take a piece he deliberately, so it seemed to me, avoided doing so. Yet, notwithstanding his strange way of playing, I could make no headway at all and could not manage to take any of his pieces.

"I castled my king and directed my play entirely on the defensive, endeavoring at the same time to fathom his methods, which by this time seemed almost uncanny. Suddenly he made a move in a direction I least expected and said, 'Mate in two moves.'

"I carefully scanned the board, and it was as he said, and then I fathomed the reason of his peculiar moves. He had checkmated me without the loss of a piece by either of us. I had all mine because he had not wished to take any of them, but he had not given me a show to take any of his.

"I thanked him for his courtesy and asked him if he would exchange cards with me. He immediately took one out of a case, and on looking at it I saw the name, Emanuel Lasker."—New York Sun.

Acclimatization.

Dr Manson, the malaria expert, believes that acclimatization, about which so much is heard in India and tropical countries generally, depends on "experience, education and an intelligent adaptation of habits," rather than on any actual change in the physiological condition of the body. It will be admitted by every one who has lived any length of time in the tropics that recklessness and carelessness are characteristic of the new arrival in any hot country. "He does not think much of exposing himself to the sun, the rain and the wind. The old resident is very chary of going out without his sun hat and his white umbrella. The newcomer may look upon these precautions as signs of effeminacy. They are not so. Experience has told the old resident that neglect means an attack of fever. The newcomer sits up late, eats, drinks and smokes as in Europe. The old resident goes to bed betimes and eats, drinks and smokes in moderation."—New York Times.

Pulling Strength of Elephants.

It is difficult to ascertain the pulling strength of an elephant for the simple reason that the strongest animals we have in captivity are not the possessors of the sweetest tempers, and accordingly their keepers are chary of allowing them to be attached to dynamometers, not caring to speculate as to what the end would be were the mammoth to "lose his hair."

Tests which have been made with average sized animals, however, prove that a healthy young Jumbo of 18 summers or thereabout can make a dynamometer register 5½ tons dead weight.

In order to get an idea of what this represents it may be stated that a pair of powerful horses could only register a ton and a fifth by their united efforts, nor was their performance a poor one.—London Express.

A High Caste Cabbage.

"At last," murmured the cabbage as it was hurled toward the footlights; "at last I realize my histrionic ambition. I am cast for the star part."—New York Press.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease relieved in six hours by "New GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost [illegible] you want quick [illegible] this is the remedy. Sold by Geo. Gill, Druggist, Portsmouth, N. H.

THE MURDERS AT RASTATT.

One of the Inexplicable Mysteries of European History.

During February, 1829, Alexandre Gribojedoff, Russian minister to Teheran, was assassinated in a peculiarly horrible manner. The war between Russia and Persia, in which Russia had won the victory, had just ended, and Gribojedoff, who was a celebrated dramatic author, was sent as minister to the defeated country. No sooner did he reach Teheran than the clergy of the city urged the populace to attack him, and the result was that on Feb. 20 a mob broke into the legation and murdered him, as well as 36 other persons who formed part of his retinue.

Quickly the news spread to St. Petersburg, and the czar determined that Persia should pay heavily for the crime. A rigid investigation was at once started and when it was over 40 residents of Teheran were condemned to death and were duly executed, and 30,000,000 rubles were awarded by Persia to the relatives of the murdered minister as an indemnity. That this was a wholesome lesson for Persia is proved by the fact that ever since then foreign ministers have been treated with marked respect in that country.

A more remarkable occurrence was the murder of two French envoys, which took place at Rastatt in April, 1799. A congress had been in session in this little town for the purpose of settling the differences between France and Germany and Austria. So far as Germany was concerned, an amicable agreement was arrived at, but France and Austria remained at loggerheads, and consequently the French envoys, finding that they could accomplish nothing, resolved to return at once to Paris. They had arranged to leave Rastatt at noon, but for some unaccountable reason the gates of the town were closed at that hour and were not reopened until late in the evening.

Fearing nothing, the envoys and their retinue got into their eight coaches and drove off. Hardly had they gone a mile, however, when they were stopped by a troop of hussars, presumably Austrians, who ordered them to leave their carriages. A conflict then ensued, in which two envoys, Bonnier and Roberjolt, were killed, while the third, Dubey, was so badly wounded that his life was despaired of for some time. After murdering the two envoys the hussars paid no further attention to the less important members of their retinue, but rode off, and from that day to this no one has been able to find out who was responsible for the murders.

The Austrian cabinet has been blamed and so have French emigrants, the directory, England and Queen Caroline of Naples, but the requisite proof of guilt has not yet been found, and the general opinion is that the murders at Rastatt will remain one of the inexplicable mysteries of history.—New York Herald.

THE COMMODORE'S CUE.

When It Came, He Gave the Information Wanted.

In the early days of steamboating on the Ohio river they had only stern wheel boats, and old Commodore McCullough of Cincinnati conceived a scheme to build and launch a palace "side wheeler" which would by grace of her beauty and size "run the stern wheelers out of the trade."

He carried his ideas to a successful and beautiful finish and sent her on her initial trip, and she came back $800 loser. The natives along the river would not ship on her nor would they ride on her nor trust their live stock on her. They "couldn't see the wheel go round."

So the Flora Belle made trip after trip, burning from $800 to $1,000 worth of coal and taking in perhaps $200. The newspapers took it up, and it was street talk about what a "frost" the Flora Belle was. Everybody from banker to bootblack knew the tale. At this time the old National theater on Sycamore street was the bon ton theater of Cincinnati, and its gallant men and lovely women thronged the performances. One night the commodore attended, and as he entered there was a series of nudgings and whisperings.

"There's the commodore! There's the owner of Flora Belle!"

The play was one of those "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," dramas, with a "hyperbole" heroine, and there was one scene in which the lover proposed marriage.

"No," said the heroine, "I can never be your wife, Harold. You are wealthy, you are a millionaire, while I am only a poor sewing girl. If I marry you, all my friends will say it was for your money and I love you, darling, for yourself. Get rid of your money, my darling, and I will be your wife." And she made her exit in tears.

The lover walked up and down the stage, wringing his hands.

"How," he cried, "how can I win her? How can I get rid of my money?"

That was the old commodore's cue. He rose up in the center of the parquet and shouted:

"Buy the Flora Belle!"—Denver Times.

A Webster Drink.

A writer in the Boston Journal says he once had the pleasure of talking about the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument with the Rev. George E. Ellis, who was present.

"What," asked the narrator, "was the most impressive feature of the day?"

"Well," said the gentle shepherd of the flock, "I'm not sure that it wasn't what Webster did before we went up the hill. He remarked that he was thirsty, and I invited him to the house of a friend of mine near by. 'What'll you have, Mr. Webster?' my friend inquired. 'I'll have some brandy, if it's no trouble,' said Webster.

"And what do you think? He drank a tumblerful right down! I never saw a man do that before or since."

She Must Have Had a Rival.

The Wife—I came very near not marrying you, John.

The Husband—Yes, I know; but I had no idea you were on to the fact.—Smart Set.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods: that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. Philbrick's pharmacy.

ADIRONDACK TRADITIONS.

Waters That Were Used by Native Animals For Medicinal Purposes.

There is a tradition in the neighborhood of Massena Springs, which the Indians called Kan-o-swa-stak-o-ras on Raquette river, in the Adirondack region, that deer, moose and other native animals were wont to use the waters for medicinal purposes. The early surveyors have recorded that when a copious volume of clear, cold water was thrown up, strongly charged with sulphur, the earth around there would be trodden into a mire hole by deer and moose, which frequented the spot on account of the saline qualities of the water. The Indians, too, used the waters as a curative for various ills.

The Indians called Moose river Te-ka-kun-di-an-do, which means "clearing an opening." It is in the Moose river region that the noted Old Forge settlement lies. There is a belief, handed down from generation to generation, that the first forge established by the hand of a white man in the North woods was located here more than a century ago. An old anvil and piece of scrap iron which are imbedded in the lawn in front of the Forge House are today pointed out to the inquiring tourist as the sole remnants of the original and primitive forge.

Kushaqua, which is Indian for "beautiful resting place," has a romantic tradition. Here is the original deer track along which a beautiful Indian maiden followed her daring lover to death. There is an interesting haziness in the tradition as to what the daring lover was doing when summoned to the happy hunting grounds, but there is no doubt as to the existence of the romantic deer track or of the silvery lake or of the moss covered stone on which the beautiful Indian maiden sat and mourned and starved her life away. Near Lake Kushaqua is On-chi-o-ta, the Indian name for "rainbow," and Rainbow lake is not far away.

Natural Bridge is a picturesque place situated on Indian river (Indian, Ojequacک, "Nut river,"), which runs under the ground in two different places and emerges a few rods below, forming a natural bridge 6 feet above the water and 15 feet wide, a curiosity of considerable interest. Dr. W. Seward Webb has located his extensive Ne-ha-sa-ne park in the Beaver river region, the name Ne-ha-sa-ne being the Indian term for "beaver crossing on a log."—New York Times.

FOXES ON ICE.

They Run More Slowly Than Usual and Evidently With Caution.

"I noticed in The Transcript your account of the fox crossing the ice and was much interested in it, as you are the only person I know of who has noticed that a fox, when crossing ice, runs more slowly than usual and evidently with caution. Several times in my life I have seen foxes crossing ponds or lakes, and, as in your instance, the ice was not always smooth, and they always seemed to run carefully. In none of the instances was the fox followed by the dogs, so it cannot be entirely due to his trying to cover his scent.

"In one instance I came suddenly out of the woods on the shore of a small lake upon a fox standing eating something upon the glassy, smooth ice. He was so startled by my sudden appearance that he started off with a rush which resulted in his falling flat and then getting on his feet again and again starting, only with the same success. This he repeated several times before he pulled himself together enough to trot away at a fair gait. It was certainly a very laughable sight to see his very undignified, unfoxlike sprawling.

"Certainly the fox's caution cannot be due to his fear of breaking through the ice, for of all animals a fox comes nearest to having wings. When a boy, I have caught them when only a few days old and brought them up by hand till they were full grown. They were pets and played with a black and tan terrier which was considered a very active one, but the foxes were infinitely more so, and it seemed as if they did not even bend over the tops of grass upon the lawn as they ran about and played at hide and seek with the dog. It certainly seemed as if they ran light enough to cross water without ice on it."—Boston Transcript.

The Rolling of Steamships.

The more important of the means of diminishing the extent of rolling in steamships is the application of bilge keels to the chocks—structures attached to the bilges for something like half the length of the ship and projecting from the skin of the ship to the extent of 8 to 36 inches, according to the size of the ship and the desire to take full advantage of their action. The most recent and most thoroughgoing investigation of their use and efficiency is that of Sir William White and Mr. R. E. Froude in connection with the bilge keels fitted to H. M. S. Revenge.

Experiment in this case seemed to show that the extent of rolling, after fitting the bilge keels, was only about one-third the extent without the bilge keels. This was the case when the ship was not propelled by her machinery. When, on the other hand, she was so propelled, even at a moderate speed, the effect of the bilge keels was even more marked.

Previous experiments with other ships had shown a diminution of rolling due to the fitting of bilge keels of one-half, and for bilge keels of sufficient size this may probably be taken as the least that may be expected. It is to some extent a wonder that, such being the case, ships should ever be built without these valuable adjuncts, and it is probable that, until something better is devised, the future will see an increasing number of ships in which full advantage is taken of a means of giving steadiness so effective and at the same time so moderate in cost.—F. P. Purvis in Cassier's Magazine.

Books Must Balance.

Superintendent—I hate to mention it, Mr. Quiller, but the firm is suspicious of you. It thinks you have taken some of the funds.

Quiller (the bookkeeper)—Of course I have. 'Tween you and me it was the only way I could make my books balance.—Boston Transcript.

The Ruling Passion.

Beggar—Can you help a poor man to—

Pedestrian—I think you have touched me before.

Beggar—Possibly, sir, possibly. You see, I'm a stranded photographer, and the old habit of retouching clings, sir.—Philadelphia Record.

Impecunious Count (looking at portraits of his ancestors)—Lucky fellows, you old robber barons! You only took the cash of the money bags. We have to take their daughters too.—Fliegende Blatter.

If a man is worth knowing at all, he is worth knowing well.—Alexander Smith.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

A LARGE LOT OF

WHITE AND BLACK LACES

THIS WEEK.

Half Price on the Entire Lot.

Lewis E. Staples,

7 Market Street.

Yes. It's Stronger

Eagle

QUAD-STAY.

Sprocketsalways in line.

Road Racer $50·

Track Racer, $60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the wind. Come and trade in your old wheel.

PHILBRICK'S BICYCLE STORE,

21 Fleet Street Portsmouth.

SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

ow, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to $5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner

10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

RENTS COLLECTED

HOUSES RENTED,

AND PROPERTY CARED FOR.

I am making a specialty of the above d solicit your patronage.

J G. TOBEY, Jr.,

Real Estate and Insurance,

32 Congress Street.

S. G.

BEST 10c. CIGAR

In The Market.

S. GRYZMISH, MFG.

Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

Now for the voting.

Everything points to republican success.

The latest election returns at Music hall Tuesday night.

Twelve new members have been added to the Graffort club.

Special theatre cars to York and Hampton Tuesday evening.

The election has sidetracked about all other topics of conversation.

The health authorities appear to have the upper hand of the varioloid.

The city bowling league may be reformed this week, for the season.

A number of local democrats attended the Dover rally on Saturday evening.

First-class vaudeville with the election returns at Music hall Tuesday night.

Tax Collector Parker will give delinquent tax payers another nudge this week.

Foxes are lugging off a lot of turkeys and other fowl from Eliot poultry raisers.

Manchester has an automobile hack. Who will make the innovation in Portsmouth?

Livery stable keepers did a brisk business Sunday.

Amateur photographers are making the most of the fine autumn days for outdoor work.

The members of the Goodrich company were right royally entertained by the Saco firemen.

The semi-annual meeting and banquet of the Coon club will be held in Boston on Nov. 17th.

Vote for a republican legislature, which will elect a republican to the United States senate.

The Exeter-Andover game next Saturday will draw quite a number of local footballists to Andover.

The very large circle around the moon on Sunday night would seem to betoken an approaching storm.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

And still some of the golfers cling to the sport, waiting for the first snow storm to drive them from the links.

Scrofula in the blood shows itself sooner or later in swellings, sores, eruptions But Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures it.

The degree team of Fannie A. Gardiner Rebekah lodge is soon to visit Manchester and perform its work, by invitation.

Several of the Maplewood football team remained in Dover until Sunday night and were entertained by the Dover boys.

James Whitcomb Riley will have a poem in the November Everybody's magazine, the first that Mr. Riley has written for a long time.

Don't stand on the street Tuesday night waiting for the result. Go to Music hall. Popular prices for the vaudeville entertainment.

The missionary society of the Middle street church will hold its monthly meeting on Thursday next, instead of on Wednesday, as is customary.

It is dangerous business cutting tickets. The safest thing to do is to vote the straight republican ticket and every republican should remember it.

There will probably be no public exhibit of the chrysanthemums at the Jones conservatories this fall, but the public may call and see them, just the same.

Years of suffering relieved in a night. Itching piles yield at once to the curative properties of Doan's Ointment. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

John Leary of the South end, who has been very ill for several weeks, was so greatly improved on Sunday as to cause his many friends much gratification.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

It will be pleasant to sit in Music hall on Tuesday evening and hear the election returns from all over the country. The local result will also be announced by wards,

The boys are all coming home to vote this year. The republican state committee has issued 2,500 voters' certificates, by means of which reduced railroad fare is secured.

"Little Colds" neglected—thousands of lives sacrificed every year. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures little colds—cures big colds too, down to the very verge of consumption.

Music hall will be the most comfortable place to receive the election returns next Tuesday evening. Special wire to the hall and an operator on the stage and first class vaudeville from Boston for the occasion.

Don't make freakish bets.

Good weather is promised for election day.

The November sunsets are simply poetical.

The Sunday drunks made lots of noise after they were arrested.

All of the church services throughout the city were largely attended on Sunday.

Local golf enthusiasts are bemoaning the fact that the season is so nearly over.

Some fine specimens of chrysanthemums are seen in local flower store windows.

The automatic cash register at the postoffice is proving to be quite a convenience.

Sunday was very dull in the city and the street were practically deserted during the day.

Communion services were administered throughout a number of the churches on Sunday.

The sale of the E. W. Cochrane stable to Henry R. Stoddard was consummated on Saturday afternoon.

The public in general was pleased to learn that the election returns would be received at Music hall on Tuesday evening.

The ferryboat Kittery will be run on Tuesday evening, to accomodate the big crowd that will come to this city to get the returns.

Two Kittery men made a bet on the election, Saturday evening, The man who bet on McKinley put up $30 against $10 on Bryan.

Sunday was a beautiful day and many took a walk out in the country, just because there will be few such days between now and April next.

The Charles Humphrey's house on Humphrey's court has been sold to Mrs. Emery of New Castle. The sale was made Saturday afternoon.

John McWilliams, who claims Portsmouth as his home, was arraigned in the Manchester police court this morning on the charge of begging.

The Tiffany Whist club commenced its winter session Saturday evening at Conservatory hall. The club consists of about thirty married couple of the city. Charles E. Trafton is its president.

DROPPED DEAD.

Charles A. Pearson, a Workman at Jones Brewery, Dies Suddenly.

Charles A. Pearson, a well known workman at the Jones brewery, died very suddenly this forenoon, while at work. An attack of heart disease was the cause. He was in apparently good health when he went to work in the morning.

The body was taken to his home on the Middle road, near the Plains. His death was a shock to his friends, for he was generally liked among the employes at the brewery.

He is survived by a wife and a daughter, Miss Eva Pearson, who is a tailoress at Lawrence's on Congress street.

SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE.

When things are "the best" they become "the best selling." Abraham Hare, a leading druggist of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in 20 years. You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, hence cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, rundown man or woman. Price 50 cents. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

Democrats and republicans will all go to Music hall on Tuesday evening to hear the election returns.

BOY'S ANTI-TOBACCO LEAGUE.

The regular meeting of the Boys' Anti-Tobacco league, which was to be held Tuesday, Nov. 6, is omitted on account of that day being electoin day and a holiday. The date of the following meeting is Nov. 20, in the Y. M. C. A. rooms. Boys please remember the date.

It is hoped by many people interested in the welfare of the boys and young men of Portsmouth that a secretary to the Y. M. C. A. rooms will be procured very soon.

Many of the best efforts to help the boys are crippled by the lack of a secretary.

DIED.

BATCHELDER. In this city, Nov. 3d, Agnes E. Batchelder, aged 1 year and 5 months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Batchelder, No. 83 McDonough street.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

REPUBLICANS ATTENTION.

It is the duty of every republican to vote the straight ticket. It is dangerous to "cut" a ticket. It is liable to be wrong and possibly your vote would be lost.

AS FINALLY PLANNED.

Substantial Addition Will Probably Be Made to the Navy For 1900.

As finally adopted, says a Washington special, the United States naval increase program for 1901 involves the construction of thirty-two vessels of 151,600 tons displacement or more than double that laid down in any preceding year. The list which congress is to be asked to authorize is:

Three 14,000 ton battleships, two 15,000 ton armored cruisers; six 600 ton gunboats; ten 200 ton gunboats; three 15,000 ton colliers; one 7000 ton repair ship and a 7000 ton marine transport.

The board of construction has decided to omit the torpedo boats both surface and submarine, recommended by the policy board of which Admiral Dewey is chairman, but the program in all other particulars conforms closely to the initial project under discussion a week ago.

The program makers have confined their projects to ships for offense, for police and for naval purposes required by the new conditions imposed upon the navy by the increasing importance of American interests in the far East Five ships proposed are more formidable than any of the same category yet designed With the seventeen now building or authorized and with the six battleships and two armored cruisers already in commission, they will give an offensive force of thirty ships.

The twenty-two gunboats are intended for police duty, principally in the Philippines, although some are for service in China. The colliers are designed to deliver on a single voyage from Norfolk 10,000 tons of coal at Manila, Guam, Pago Pago, or Hawaii. They are also to have sufficient speed to enable them to accompany a fleet of battleships on a long cruise. The repair vessel Vulcan is to be kept in the Philippines and is virtually to be a cruising navy yard. The proposed marine transport is to be like the Solace but much larger and armed with light guns. She is needed by the marine corps which has now 6000 men dependent on the Solace or army ships for transportation. The new vessel is to have accommodations for two battalions and to have high speed.

A LANDSLIDE OF DRUNKS.

A Majority of Five in Police Court Before Judge Adams.

There was a landslide of drunks in police court this morning before Judge Adams. Five Sunday victims of booze were pulled in during the day, four of the arrests being made by Officer Murphy. One other was arrested by Officer Hurley late in the evening. They came from Market and Deer streets, three of them being dry dock laborers and two of them natives.

They were lined up in the following order and each one given the usual fine for Sunday drunkenness.

Dennis Sullivan, drunk on Market street. Guilty. Fine of $10 and costs of $6.90.

John O'Leary, ditto as above.

Michael Callaghan, ditto again.

Hugh McCool, ditto the third.

William Flynn, drunk on Deer street. Fine of $10 and costs of $6.13.

The above collection will go to Brent wood to work out the amount in default.

CAME HOME TO VOTE.

The Hon. Frank W. Hackett, assistant secretary of the navy, arrived at his summer home in New Castle, today, from Washington. Mr. Hackett is as usual in the best of health and came here from Washington to cast his ballot for the re-election of McKinley for president and the whole republican ticket. He is entirely confident of the complete success of the ticket.

RIVER FULL OF FISH.

The river at the present time is full of herring which are driven in by the cod and pollock, and the fishermen are making large hauls of all the fish mentioned. They find a ready market in this city and Boston.

GRANITE HAS ARRIVED.

The granite for the new dry dock at the navy yard has arrived from Vermont and was transferred to the navy yard, where stone cutters will at once begin to cut it up to be laid at the bottom of the dock as soon as the frost departs next April.

MONEY

GAS BILLS REDUCED 25 to 50 Per Cent.

Guaranteed Saving By attaching to any Gas Meter

THE SLEEMAN AUTOMATIC

Governor as attached to the Riser on Consumer's Side of Gas Meter.

GAS SAVING GOVERNOR

INSURING GREATER BRILLIANCY, STEADIER FLAME, SECURITY AGAINST FIRE. INSURANCE RISKS GREATLY REDUCED. NO BLOWING NOR SMOKING BURNERS. NO BROKEN GLOBES.

Marvelous Sanitary Effects.

No Poisonous Vapors from Unconsumed Gases. No vitiated Atmosphere. No smoked-up Walls, Paintings nor Drapery.

Practical Economy.

You pay their cost to Gas Company every three months, four times a year.

Reliable and Durable,

And so constructed that it can not get out of order or wear out. No Acids or Mercury used to poison the Atmosphere.

Better than Government Bonds, Savings Banks Accounts, or Real Estate Investments,

Is the Guaranteed Saving of from 25 TO 50 PER CENT monthly on all Gas Bills.

WE COURT THE SEVEREST INVESTIGATION. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Prices from $15.00 TO $400, according to size of meter and number of lights.

Indorsed by U. S. Government and Leading Corporations throughout the Country.

THE GAS TIP REGULATOR

Designed to take the place of the above for residences and small consumers. Goes in the burner. Can be adjusted by a child. Simple and durable. Absolutely controls the pressure and will save you from 30 to 60 per cent on your monthly bills. Will do all the work claimed for the large machine. Price, 25 cents each. $2.50 per dozen. Sent postpaid on receipt of Postal, Money Order, Currency or Stamps. Liberal terms and exclusive territory to agents.

INTERNATIONAL GAS SAVING MAN'F'G CO.

126 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR YOU

PERSONALS.

Hon. Frank Jones has returned from Sorrento.

C. Ellsworth Hodgdon has returned from a trip to Mexico.

Leon E. Oate of Exeter was a visitor to this city on Sunday.

Wilbur B. Shaw took in the Harvard football game on Saturday.

Dr. F. M. Varrell witnessed the Pennsylvania Harvard game Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Wolcott passed Sunday in Hampton and Newburyport.

Mr. W. Scott Smith of Washington, has arrived in this city and came here to vote.

Mrs. David Urch of New Castle avenue has been passing several days in Boston and Salem, Mass.

Mrs. Frank M. Varrell and daughter, Miss Ethel, of Austin street, were in Boston on Saturday.

Mrs. George B. Chadwick of Rogers street has returned from a visit to Worcester and Newburyport, Mass.

Charles Amazeen of the government printing office at Washington is passing a two weeks' vacation in this city.

The condition of Col. Aaron Young of Austin street, who has been quite ill for several days, was improved on Sunday.

Mrs. Charles E. Akerman of Boston is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore G. Perkins, Vaughan street.

Lillian Young, cook at Currier and Dunbar's restaurant, is passing a month's vacation with friends in New York.

The marriage of Mr. William P. Miskell and Miss Minnie E Leith will take place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception the latter part of this month.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry Emerson Hovey will give a tea at the rectory on State street, Friday afternoon, in honor of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Katherine Emerson Hovey to Mr. William Marston Seabury, which is to take place the following day at St. John's church in this city.

Cards have been received in this city from Mr. and Mrs. Ruddiman West, for the marriage reception of their daughter, Miss Mabel Bathgate West, and Henry Augustus Carpenter of Chicago, (eldest son of the late Rear Admiral Charles C. Carpenter of this city,) on Thursday afternoon. November fifteenth, from four to six o'clock, at Lakeside, Ill.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

How the yard ever got along without a tug is a mystery.

A big shipment of cooperage has been made to New York.

Surgeon Stephenson has a fine pair of horses for his own use.

The big tug Piscataqua will probably go into commission this week.

R. A. Kipp of the general store has gone on a flying visit to Goshen.

Capt. M. L. Johnson, U. S. N., of the Boston yard was a visitor here on Saturday.

AUCTION SALE TONIGHT.

All the articles left over at the Rummage sale which has been going on at 89 Congress street will be sold at auction this evening. There are a great many useful articles to be disposed of.

WHY PORTSMOUTH SHOULD VOTE FOR M'KINLEY.

How any man who has the interest of the Portsmouth navy yard at heart can vote for any other than William McKinley for president is a mystery. Bryan by his own words would reduce the army and navy at once. The present adminstration is building up the navy and the Portsmouth navy yard and there should be a solid vote from the city for McKinley. Democrats should consider Portsmouth's interests when they vote.

MOVEMENTS OF NAVAL VESSELS.

The Wilmington has sailed from Teneriffe, Canary islands, for Gibraltar, on her way to the Asiatic station. The Solace has sailed from San Francisco. She stops first at Honolulu. The Scindia has arrived at Cavite. The training ship Dixie is at Algiers. The Prairie sailed on Saturday from New York for Havre. The tugs Wompatuck and Piscataqua will be commissioned on the 12th inst.

WENT TO BOSTON.

A large party of football enthusiasts from this city, Kittery and York went to Boston on Saturday, to see the game on Soldiers' field, between Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. Among them were J. William Newell, W. P. Robinson, Ira A. Newick, Horace L Rowe, Wilbur B. Shaw, Leon E. Scruton, William P. Morrissey, J. Willard Kehoe, Miller Palfrey, Edward Moody and Alvah Frost.

A BUNCH OF DRUNKS.

There are five Sunday drunks in the cooler, awaiting trial before Judge Emery this morning. Most of them are dry dockers. Four were arrested in the daytime and one fell into the clutches of the law after dark. One, Dennis Sullivan, claims Portsmouth as his home.

NERVE FOOD

If you have neuralgia, Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again, in a way to satisfy nerve and brain with your usual food.

That is cure.

If you are nervous and irritable, you may only need more fat to cushion your nerves—you are probably thin—and Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil will give you the fat, to begin with.

Cure, so far as it goes. Full cure is getting the fat you need from usual food, and Scott's emulsion will help you to that.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl street, New York.

THE FLAG GOES UP

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